VILLAGE PENCILLINGS

122

W. Beetham Del.

S. Allen Sculp.

West Ashby.

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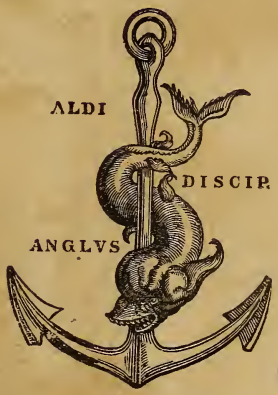
VILLAGE PENCILLINGS

IN PROSE AND VERSE

BY ELIZABETH PIERCE.



SECOND EDITION.

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TO

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

THE QUEEN DOWAGER,

THIS LITTLE WORK,

INTENDED TO PROMOTE AMONGST THE

YOUTH OF ENGLAND,

THOSE PRINCIPLES OF RELIGION AND VIRTUE SO EMINENTLY ILLUSTRATED BY HER MAJESTY'S REVERED EXAMPLE AND ENCOURAGED BY HER MAJESTY'S JUSTLY VALUED SANCTION AND PATRONAGE,

IS,

BY HER MAJESTY'S MOST GRACIOUS PERMISSION,

INSCRIBED

WITH THE DEEPEST RESPECT,

BY HER MAJESTY'S MOST GRATEFUL

AND VERY OBEDIENT SERVANT,

ELIZABETH PIERCE

PREFACE

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

In venturing a second edition of this little work before an indulgent public, I cannot, in justice to them and to myself, refrain from a few remarks on the subject of its first reception. I avail myself, therefore, of the opportunity to offer my sincere acknowledgments to those lenient critics who, capable of appreciating, have commended its spirit rather than condemned its letter; time has but established my fears of the feebleness of the latter, while my conscience confirms the purity of the former. I must at the same time be permitted to protest against the fearful charges and imputations, in which the virulence of Party has thought it expedient to indulge. Astonished and shocked as I was at the exercise of such a power of curdling the best feelings of humanity, I have learnt to be even grateful for it, since it has led me to search into the tenets of that school

of Theology, which could sanction such an organ*, as its champion. To a like search would I commend all who value the privileges of our Holy Church—the purity of her doctrine and the simplicity of her worship; and to the power of a merciful God for a "perfect understanding", who alone can make "the blind to see". It would ill become me as a woman and a christian to take up, even in self-defence, the weapons used by my assailant. I am content to leave the battle to the strong. Truth is my shield and my buckler, against which the powers of evil cannot long prevail. I have but to say to that bitter pen "The Lord judge between me and thee†."

West Ashby,
January 1, 1844.

* The Christian Remembrancer.

† 1 Samuel xxiv. 12.

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My bark is on the troubled wave,
A speck upon the waste
Of waters, welling from the fount
Which many an age has graced.

There proudly, on the tempting space,
The warrior ship flits by,
And, confident in armèd strength,
Sails on triumphantly.

Securely, too, the vessel rides,
Which, piloted by skill,
Wings on its unmolested course,
Eluding every ill.

There glides the frigate's faultless front,
Upon her fearless way,
Whose form symmetrical defies
The elements' rough sway.

Oh! spare, ye winds, this fragile One!
'Tis freighted with my all;
And as with you it ebbs and flows,
I too must rise or fall.

Lest the remorseless tempest-blast
My light bark may not know,
Love's sunny breeze wafts o'er its sheets,
And a Star is on its prow!

THE COTTAGE HOME

THE COTTAGE HOME.

"Sweet Memory, wafted by the gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail,
To view the faery haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers."

ROGERS.

STANDING one clear summer's day on the brow of a hill commanding a view of my native village, as my eye wandered over its many beauties, memory recalled the changes that had passed over its fair surface, even within the space of a few years. Many a sufferer had been there laid at rest, others had budded into being—some called away in their fresh-

ness, some permitted to blossom and to show the flowers of promise, and others to bind with unfading affection the parent stem, that sweet itself, impregnated the surrounding atmosphere with its odours; yet weeds there were, for they too will flourish in the richest soil—the noxious henbane thrive under the shade of the chaste hawthorn and the modest rose.

In that pretty church, towering with its spiral pinnacles from amid those clustering trees, I have seen the wealthy and the poor link their destinies in the sacred bands of wedlock; within its holy precincts I have witnessed the new-born babe signed with the sign of the cross, and received into the pale of Christianity; and within the shadow of that hallowed shrine have I beheld some of every age and rank gathered to their fathers: children have grown up and gone to play their part, in a larger sphere of the world's stage; parents have emigrated to other lands; houses have changed inhabitants,—and society, the delightful association of congenial minds, and the intercommunion of sweet council, taken together as friends.

How pleasant are the reminiscences of the past,

especially when tinged with the gay hue of the rose, while a gloom gathers round a comparison with the pallidness of the present. Was it that the sun shone brighter or that the flowers were more fragrant in those days; that time was dipped in more beauteous dye, or that the world smiled a warmer welcome? Was it not rather, that the buoyant and happy spirit of youth illumined every scene, gilding it with the colour of gladness, and reflecting from its own bright centre, the radiance of springtide hope and joy; and now that the freshness of that glowing season fades, exterior objects lose their apparent lustre, and only remain to the eye of age and experience the unadorned things of reality?

There was a time when I thought no place so pretty as my own home; but now that the sun of youth has set, and the twilight of maturity gives to each its natural shade, I am obliged in justice to confess, that many a home is more beautiful, though certainly none so dear or so attractive to my heart. That is a sweet view before me, and the stranger probably would not wish it otherwise than it is, with the verdant slope from this spot to the

stream; from thence again the ground gently rising in rich pastures with their motley flocks, interspersed with many a rustic cottage, and surmounted by the church tower peeping from its leafy nook. The Elizabethan mansion, which has of late risen up among us, makes a prominent feature in the landscape; though it court my admiration, the sylvan scenes around it are dear to my heart, for they fostered my childhood, and have sheltered my riper years, and long will it be before the villager can forget the unassuming cottage that was wont to peep so invitingly from its woody nest. Even now I see it in its pristine rusticity, embosomed in laurel and ivy: the casement windows embedded in the deep thatch of its low roof; the rose vying with the evergreen to prove its home affection for the favoured spot:—the little Swiss parterre begemmed with the brilliant verbena, throwing out its delicate fibres, and clinging with tenacity to the yielding soil; the tufted gentianella in its robe of deep blue; the sturdy auricula, the œnothera and clarkia mingling their various ephemeral colours, interspersed with here and there some pretty exotic, and scented with

the fragrant mignonette; while the modest violet, leaving her native solitude, and struggling to forget her lowly birth, filled up the interstices of the divided bark, aiming at the companionship of the fuchsia, whose coralline pendants drooped gracefully to meet the advances of the gentle aspirant. Had they, those pretty walks, redolent with perfume and steeped in the melody of nature's unrivalled choristers, the gift of speech; how many a tale might they tell of weal and woe, of departures and returns, of invadings and aggressions, of bickering and strife, of amatory wooings and maternal solicitude, of the sable community inhabiting the fragile branches above them. And near stretched forth the long-belted walk, like some cathedral aisle, with its groined roof of interlaced boughs, and in its seclusion, contrasting strangely with the laughing waters that rippled at its base, bidding defiance to all order as they gambolled over the rough stones, or meandered in irregular streamlets between the mossy turf.

Some might probably think this the abode only of imagination; but there were inhabitants here, fit residents for these sequestered shades. In a

quiet nook stood a hermitage, almost hidden among the trees, with windows formed of the crinkled branches of the oak, while its enduring heart was converted into furniture for the interior: look through those elms and mark a figure robed in sackcloth, bent with the weight of years, slowly pursuing his studious way, unmindful of the stranger's presence, and unconscious of his admiration. Oh! it is a sweet place. I could almost envy the anchoret his home in this little wild, in silence unbroken save by the rush of the distant waterfall, the full rich song of the blackbird, the clear note of the thrush, or the matin hymn of the lark, as she wings her joyous flight on the elastic ether; or by the brushing of the wild-fowl among the dank weeds, as she struggles on to sooth her expectant brood. Then at eventide comes the lowing of the herd, the mournful bleating of the sheep, and the chime of the far-off bells, steeping in melody the last beams of the setting sun, as closing his diurnal course along the heavens, he sinks with added splendour on his western bed, clothing in the roseate hues of his departing glory the fleecy canopy above. Deeper becomes the

glow. That starry coronet of rays! how transient! already its vivid tracery is gone, just preceding the solar orb, which, as a ball of fire, now vanishes from the sight. How gorgeous, yet how solemn is the working of this great engine in the machinery of nature! how unfathomable the power of its mighty master! Then succeeds twilight, the interregnum between day and night, both and neither; a brief space for reflection, an hour for prayer. How beautiful is day!

Behold Night now assume the imperial purple and throw her mantle round, committing all to the keeping of her sister, Sleep, who waves her guardian wand, and the exhausted frame reposes. Not that of the solitaire;—for he is ever awake to the charms of night, and loves to mark, as he would emulate, the revolving beauties which know no rest; the moon with her attendant myriad of lesser lights gently piercing the dark shroud, and with her mild radiance silvering

> Each glade and glen—each tower and hill,
> The ocean wave, and limpid rill;

to press the velvet turf spangled with phosphoric

glow-worms, like so many gems reflecting the lamps of heaven: to list to night's sweet minstrel, as she passes from her soft prelude, through varied strains of grave and gay, to the long quivering notes that thrill the earth with untaught harmony; untaught, but made in the full accomplishment of excellence by the master-mind, through the mysterious gift of instinct. How beautiful is night! how perfect nature! a crystal through which beams the chastened effulgence of its Maker! It is the frail vessel, man, first formed in the image of the universal parent, that, with his indwelling canker-worm Sin, alone taints the fair scene of earth. Sweet, indeed, and profitable is this spot for meditation and for prayer; but can meditation and prayer, can faith and hope, unaccompanied and unattended, be a sure guide, through the buffettings of time, or procure that happiness which the soul in vain yearns for in this sublunary sphere?

All around this little hermitage is at present calm and tranquil, almost unearthly, soothing to the feelings and welcome to the gentle of heart: in the front stretches far the luxuriant pasture, on which

the cattle graze and ruminate undisturbed: yet they have their instinctive propensities, to the injury of themselves or others, though nothing here calls them forth. That sheet of water, with its nest of green islands, covered with shrubs and underwood, that lave their branches in its glassy flood, tell only of repose till the elements are roused, when the waters become ruffled, and the young sapling severed from its support, that awhile since seemed but as a loan from Elysian bowers. There gliding on its surface, see the majestic swan, whose arched neck bespeaks the pride of superiority, while his plumage is spotless and his course smooth; but see him in the slightest degree impeded in that course, see even one of his own species venture on the same track, his innate ire gleams forth, the curved crest of pride is lowered, a feather is plucked from his white plumage, and the rest are not unfrequently sullied by contact with, or by the blood shed of, his antagonist. Thus is faintly pictured the deceitfulness of the confidence, and the danger of the self-complacency with which the recluse moves on his unobstructed way, congratulating himself that he is not as other men are, that he

is undefiled by the world, that he does evil to no man, that he believes in the efficacy of the spirit, the atonement of Christ, relies on the mercy of his God, and is saved! Melancholy delusion! Show thy faith by thy works, oh, man! or thou art as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal, and weighest light in the balance of the just judge, compared with him who has mixed in the world, dividing his substance with the needy, and pouring balm into the afflicted bosom; has offered both cheeks to the smiter; who bruised and beaten, through evil report and good report, bends his knee on the world's threshold, and pours out his wounded heart to him who seeth all hearts, in the words of the contrite publican, "Lord, have mercy upon me a sinner!" And he it is who surely returns to his house justified rather than the other!

I could linger long in this cherished scene and dwell with mournful pleasure on the sports and the pastimes of by-gone days, when the verdure hardly bent under the light foot, and the still air echoed back the merry laugh of childhood: but as "forward" is the watchword of time and the porter of eternity; better is it to follow the bright star, glow-

ing yonder in the east, that can lead us to untold happiness, than to dwell on departed pleasures that can never be recalled. Adieu, then, ye sylvan joys! ye woodland shades of many a youthful sport! and with memory for my guide, I pass through the little gate, cross the strip of grass and enter the shrubbery, that alike in winter and summer invited the eye to its beauties, from the primrose and the violet in their shady nook to the dahlia and chrysanthemum which unblushingly met the gaze of the bold breezes: from the early rose, sent forth as Flora's pioneer, to the cheering evergreen that sets at nought the persecution of the enemy of vegetation, frost, and seems to play at bo-peep with the winter's snow, beneath whose power the vaunted superiority of man is often obliged to succumb. All seasons here smile a welcome to the visitor, whether it be the poor cottager, craving a morsel for a sick relative, or the ennuié rolling in his luxurious equipage. I approach the cottage and, standing within the porch lined with ivy and dotted with the monthly rose, I recognise the brass knocker, bright as in those days of juvenile aspirations, when to reach its somewhat lofty position

was beyond my most sanguine hopes. Some cheerful voice among the many then never failed to make the early "how do you do?" For here in this calm retreat apart from a busy, bustling world, and surrounded by a numerous family, dwelt a widow, virtue with her progeny of smiles and graces, smiles of affection and graces of kindness; a unity of feelings and interests rarely equalled; a link in the chain of humanity which the great Creator alone could sever. And I doubt if even the mother of the Gracchi was more devoted to, or more gloried in the greatness of, her sons, than did this pattern of mothers in the unpresuming excellence of her children, to each of whom she was the nurse, the soother, the adviser and the friend; to all, the companion, the participator of their amusements and their pleasures. And never did one hear, "Mother, dearest mother," uttered under that roof, but one's heart responded to all the affection it implied, nor could the most fastidious question the justice of the appeal. Now after a lapse of more than twenty years, how many are the happy days I could number, spent in that united family, from my early childhood till the last vestige that could

indicate its existence was swept away,—now lying entombed only in the recollections of its survivors;

When time was young,
We danced and sung,
Nor thought of clouds or danger's power,
But, basking in the sunny hour,
Care to the winds we flung.

By the clear brook planting banks of primroses and violets, or paddling with an intuitive love of mischief in the limped stream, hiding beneath the thorn bushes, or chasing the butterflies in the meadow; and when the presence of winter stayed these out of door amusements, the pleasures within were found not less attractive: no Christmas games were surely ever so merry, and no snap dragon ever threw up its livid glare, or was hailed with more joyous and exulting acclamations than rose within those cottage walls. The evening, perhaps, proved stormy, and a message was sent, with compliments, and a hope that the litttle visitor might be allowed to remain all night; this acceded to, some innocent deception was concocted, or disguise assumed, that might add mirth and novelty to the hilarity of the evening.

One of these sallies occurs very vividly to my recollection, associated as it is with one, an affectionate, indulgent, and most beloved parent, who has long since been lain at rest, and which now, after many years have passed, I have a melancholy pleasure in recalling. It was on one of those winter evenings, such as I have just alluded to, with deep snow on the ground, and altogether very cold and comfortless, that one of the young ladies, the oldest and tallest of the family was padded and puffed, cloaked and bonneted with the most scrupulous exactness, and sent forth with many injunctions of what was to be said and what done in the approaching exhibition; she representing a portly dame from a neighbouring village, while I, passing for her daughter, was disguised to play my part in the little comedy, and carried in the arms of her kind brother to our destination. Having walked through the snow and knocked at the kitchen door of my own dear home, which was soon opened, we, with much hospitable ceremony, were invited forward; the fire was stirred and my adopted mother duly ensconsed in an arm chair near it, and the footman requested to tell his master that he was

wanted. Presently he came out, when we found some difficulty in rising to make the required obeisance; my companion, from the unusual weight of clothing, with which her slight form was encumbered, and myself, from the repressed risibility with which I was contending. The master stood for a moment apparently surprised at our immobility; the difficulty overcome, my companion made her apology and request that Mr. R. would kindly interest himself in getting her little daughter, myself, admitted into the recently established school in the adjacent town; when he replied, by asking her name and residence. Just at that moment the footman, who had lived some years with the family, and had been hovering near us from our first entrance, fairly peeped under my rustic bonnet, and immediately exclaimed, "Well, I declare, if it is n't Miss!" I was not sorry to be thus early relieved from my duresse, and, springing forward, was in the arms of my dear parent in an instant, exulting at having eluded even his acute penetration. He, dear merry soul, complimented us on the gravity of our masquerading, and entering into the joke, left us and requested mamma to come

out and report her opinion as to the respectability of the mother, and the fitness of the child for admission into the school. But the servants were too much pleased with the joke to allow any one to remain long in ignorance of its merits, and again betrayed us. We were then exhibited to some friends staying in the house, and after much laughter and many compliments, made our congé and retired, delighted with the feat and longing to tell the consequence of our extreme cleverness at the cottage. Then came the supper, of all meals the most enjoyed by children, as anticipating the independence and increased importance, as they imagine, of maturity: those delicious sausage rolls too and mince pies of the first order: then the bustle of moving from the table and drawing the chairs round the cheerful hearth, the stirring of the fire and heaping on fresh wood: the disputes of who should sit together, and who should be considered company by being placed in the seat of honour, which was generally the last one occupied: the telling of odd occurrences, and wonderful ghost stories, till the whistling of the wind through the crevices brought a shudder over

the frame of the listener, and the grim face of some old ancestor hanging opposite, seemed descending in wrath from the canvass. And when wound up to the most charming state of consternation, the "dear mother" would dexterously take the thread in hand and wind it to a point round which we all rallied. Then the merry laugh rang through the party and the unanimous resolution passed that the last story was undoubtedly the best; with the earnest hope that many a circling year would continue to us the welcome and advantageous presence of its valued narrator.

And long was her family blessed with the society and the councils of this truly English matron, who, as years rolled by, saw her children rise up and call her blessed; her sons and daughters married and dispersed abroad,—one only being missing from the group, a fine young man of sterling qualities, who had early entered the naval service, and it was thought would have distinguished himself in his profession, had it pleased God to spare him. But he lost his life during the bombardment of Algiers under the command of the talented and victorious

Lord Exmouth. One of the last balls discharged from that pirate hold, wrenched this promising branch from the parent olive, who meekly bent her to the blow, thankfully acknowledging that so many of her young hopes were still spared to her. Thus did she pass on her Christian course, rejoicing in the mercies and comforts she received, instead of murmuring that others were withheld, till gradually sinking into the vale of years, she witnessed her grandchildren reach maturity, and received by universal consent, and with respect rarely equalled, the venerable appellation of the "old lady," the rather from the style of her dress, and the various stages of life that looked up to her as their head, than from any appearance of the infirmities of age or the decay of any mental energy. On the contrary, like the treasured oak, each year seemed to add strength to her character; and time, which matured the many suckers flourishing around her, swept away her vernal bloom only to mould it in solidity at the heart; and while the freshness of youth caught the admiring gaze of the world, who so insensible as not to see and to venerate the parent tree that shel-

tered and adorned them? Where is now that parent tree? lifted gently from its place, and laid with its kindred dust; transplanted, we hope and believe, to the unfading bowers of the spirit-land! To the last her mind retained its vigour, her affections their power. In the full freshness of faith and hope she consigned all she held dear on earth to him, who alone can heal the wounded heart, and welcomed the coming of her Lord. For long had her house been put in order, long had she been prepared to depart; and finally, without a sigh, she hailed the summons for the mortal to put on immortality.

It is better to enter the house of mourning than the house of joy; we enter it softly, as if we feared to disturb the repose of the shrouded form; we speak low, as if the breath of humanity could recal the spirit back to its frail tenement; we look upon that forsaken tenement and with melancholy satisfaction read the lesson imprinted on the placid brow, and we almost envy the spirit its rest; we touch the hand, once so busy in occupation, so warm in its welcome, and the whole frame thrills under the icy contact, while we feel through every fibre of our

being the awe, the certainty, the individuality of death! How touching are those flowers, wreathed by the hand of affection, clinging as it were, while adorning with tenderness, the last shred of their source of life; emblems of unsullied purity, emblems of that beatitude, they doubted not, was her allotted portion. Mirth, in moments like these, appears but the ghastly smile of the king of terrors, leaving a vacuum which contrasts sadly with the fulness of satisfaction and contentment consequent upon sympathy with the afflicted, and reflections beyond the fleeting things of the hour. Life is a path of trial, and sorrow the garb of humanity. We must float with the stream of time, and though the passage be rough and dark, we look to the Perfect One as to a magnet that will lead us to the envied port.

Weep not, fair daughters of earth, as those who have no hope; but take to your soul's health, the comfort a merciful providence administers to those, who mourn over the virtuous dead; sweet as the flowers ye have twined around that matron brow, the fragrance of whose excellence pervades the atmosphere of the house of woe, and soothes the weeping sense

with its undying odours. Let us gather up that sweet incense, and be it ours to present it pure and unadulterated to the Lamb of God! Walking in her beautiful steps, for beautiful are the feet of those who tread the ways of holiness;—in domestic duties let us be as ready and unwearied, as contented with our lot, as charitable in spirit and in action, as free from offence both towards God and towards man, as far from ambition, as lowly in our own eyes, and as much esteemed by others: then as friends, as parents, and as christians, shall we be revered, beloved and rewarded; then to us, as to her who is gone before, the meek and humble of heart, may be applied the words of Solomon: "Strength and power are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come." Although that widow's form may never again be hailed on this fair spot, when will her sweet spirit cease to hover, in the minds' eye of those among her friends, still lingering, where

The cascade's beauties sparkle to the view,
In rapid course, 'mid spray of seeming dew;
And gracefully the pensile willows wear
The veil of mist, which weepingly they bear?

Weep on, ye mourners, weep, till memory fade—
Not for the herbless stone your branches shade,
But for the solitude of each lone tree;
More, for the hand which planted, nurtured ye!

While I have been thus recalling by-gone interest, a cloud has overspread the bright prospect, and the cool breeze echoes around me my own unavailing sigh; but 'tis only a summer cloud, and will fade beneath the effulgence of the noontide sun; and the air that now cools the fevered brow may, ere long, stir the fresh blade that seals the verdant tomb! Yet, thou gem of this sylvan scene, of which every visible trace has now vanished, long shall thy varied charms remain impressed on my heart;

Long shall thy image on my memory dwell;
Thou Cottage Home of other days—Farewell!

THE BEAUTIFUL.

" The shadows of the tomb are here,
Yet beautiful is Earth!"

MRS. HEMANS.

'Tis beautiful, at break of day to watch
The golden orb in majesty arise;
And the last lingering ray, at eve, to catch,
As gorgeous on his burnished bed he dies.

'Tis beautiful the blithesome lark to see—
Rise from his earthy nest, and upward soar,
As if to the celestial gates he'd flee,
To join the choral band on Heaven's own shore.

'Tis beautiful to see the verdant earth
Spread forth her glowing richness to the gale,—
With tenderest care to nourish into birth
Sweet floral gems to deck the sylvan dale.

'Tis beautiful, with the meandering brook,
To wildly wander through the flowery mead,
As, prying into many a pebbly nook,
It bears away the emigrating seed.

'Tis beautiful to stand on Jura's height,
With sunshine and the clear blue sky above;
See Mont Blanc rear to heaven his silvery light,
And bathe his shadowy brow in Leman's love.

'Tis beautiful to mark the troubled sea
Writhe foaming in his lair, and, tempest-tossed,
Like spell-bound monster, struggling to be free,
But by an unseen power for ever crossed.

'Tis beautiful on virgin snow to trace,
With the true pencil of an artist's skill,
The sacrificial Lamb's redeeming grace,
Who made the ocean and the whirlwind still.

'Tis beautiful to see the indwelling dove
Find in the sin-drowned world a resting place:
And sure the mirror of a mother's love
Reflects the image of unwearied grace!

Yet beautiful—more beautiful to see
The hopeful Christian in his dying hour,
Piercing the veil of dim futurity,
Already conscious of atoning power.

And how surpassing beautiful the scene
That waits the soul to be supremely blest—
Ear hath not heard, nor human eye hath seen,
The bliss mysterious in the land of rest!

TO THE BRIDE.

Sister of Charity! blush not now
That thy path is strewn with the Orange blow,
For spotless wreaths,
Where the sweetest breathes,
Are borne on the gale of the Bridal vow.

Sister of Charity! snow-clad Bride!
Through life, as now, mayst thou calmly glide;
Like the Christian's dower,
May thy nuptial hour,
Be of brightest hope and chastened pride.

Sister of Charity! pass not yet
To the sacred shrine, where we oft have met,
Without one sigh
Of sympathy
With friends that linger in regret.

Sister of Charity! south and north,
Thy alms and thy deeds herald thee forth;
Ample in merit,
Though poor in spirit,
Daughter of virtue! Bride of worth!

Sister of Charity! light be thine;
Round thee a halo of gladness shine,
In mercy given,
The boon of Heaven,
From Omniscient power and love divine.

Sister of Charity! be thou blest,
Joy for thy plumage, mirth for thy crest,
In ether so pure,
As angels might lure
Awhile from mansions of peace and rest.

Sister of Charity! Fare thee well!
Though a tear bedew the marriage bell,
For the poor shall grieve
And with cypress weave,
Blessings that hallow their parting knell.

Sister of Charity! stay not now
For thy path is strewn with the Orange blow,
And clustering wreaths,
Where the purest breathes,
Are borne on the gale with the Bride's chaste vow.

WHY DO I LOVE THEE, OH, WOMAN?

It is not that the lily and rose
Thy complexion unite to adorn,
Or that beauty a veil o'er thee throws
Whose fair folds may, too, shelter a thorn,
That I love thee, oh, Woman!

It is not that thy features are cast
In the mould of refinement and art;
Since the sculptor must e'er be surpass'd
By the limner of mind and of heart,
That I love thee, oh, Woman!

It is not for thy tresses so bright,
That thou weavest and braidest with care:
For Old Time may their freshness soon blight,
Then deridingly ask where they were,
That I love thee, oh, Woman!

It is not that the emerald vies,
With the ruby to shadow thy brow,
That thy brilliants conspire with thine eyes
To out-dazzle thy forehead of snow,
That I love thee, oh, Woman!

It is not that thy ancestors trace,
From the Norman their pedigree pure:
Oft the oldest and most honored race,
Fail eternity's joys to secure,
That I love thee, oh, Woman!

It is not for thy beauty or grace,
For thy honors, thy wealth, or renown,
For the glitter that e'er finds a place,
In a fleeting, a temporal crown.
That I love thee, oh, Woman!

But it is for the "Pearl of great price,"
Thou hast sought for and joyously found,
That affection can surest entice,
And a halo the purest surround!
That I love thee, oh, Woman!

SISTER-SYMPATHY.

'Tis sweet to see a Woman's eye
Rest gently on her sister-kind,
With winning mild attention seek
Affection's cords to bind;

To lift the veil of modesty
And gaze upon that sister's brow,
To trace the pearls of purity,
And bid them freely flow!

For there is ore of priceless worth,
Richer than Ophir's vaunted mine,
In the depths of every woman's heart
As pure and bright as thine!

And though it be encrusted deep
Within the darkened folds of earth,
The magic word of kindness calls
And gives it instant birth.

If from her gentle warmth you turn
Away, with cold averted eye,
You close the mine where lies the gem
And seal it with a sigh!

It is not fair or feminine,
On him alone to look—to think,—
Whose frame can stem the fate from which
A sister needs must shrink.

Nor can man love, admire, or prize
The heart, that is not also free
To shed its beams of gentleness
On woman equally.

Oh! tarnish not thy native gold,
Nor wreath thy snowy brow with scorn;
Believe me—'tis the Upas shade,
That blights the fairest morn.

Search—and thou'lt surely beauties find,
The faults thou seest in others flee!
The Lily for thy emblem take
And learn—Humility!

And thou mayst even learn of her,
Thou lookèst so contemptuous on,
The way to that all glorious goal,
That long her hopes have won.

With hope so high, and heart so rais'd
She mourns not for herself—but thee!
Since even this night may thee enfold
In dark Eternity!

And can the Proud and Scornful hope
To be enrolled among the Blest!
In Abram's bosom shall alone
The Poor in Spirit rest!

TO THE BELOVED ONE.

Though flowers that decked thy youthful brow,
For thee no longer bud and blow,
Borne by remorseless time afar,
They 've graced his swift destructive car;
Though withered now those beauties be,
That once were thine, still, still, for thee,
One heart beats warm!

Though Fortune darkly on thee lower,
And make thee writhe beneath her power,
Her favours are but chains of gold,
Chains that her votaries murmuring hold;
Though shrouded 'neath the canopy
Of adverse fate, unchilled for thee
One heart beats warm!

Though storms arise and high winds howl,
Though warring elements may scowl,
And o'er thee many a shower may flow
Of deep, unutterable woe.
Flee, then, oh, toil-worn traveller, flee,
And seek repose, where'er for thee
One heart beats warm!

Though false, professing friends may smile,
And to their purpose thee beguile,
With fawning looks and wily words
They try to bind with flattery's cords;
Oh! barter not thy liberty
For gilded dross, while true to thee
One heart beats warm!

Though time has robbed thee of thy youth,
He's taught thee many a welcome truth,
In place of flowers is pleased to strew
His gifts in age's silvery hue,
A crown of glory 'tis to see,
That paineth not, and still for thee
One heart beats warm!

Though friends grow cold, and foes more fierce,
Thy fond and dear affections pierce;
Believe—there is one bosom still,
Would gladly bear thy every ill,
Whose last departing breath shall be
With blessings wove, as now for thee
Her heart beats warm!

MY HOME.

How sweet it is, when chill winds blow,
And feathery snow sweeps by,
To count each lessening weary mile
And know that Home is nigh!

How lovely the contrasting scene
'Tween winter's cheerless blast,
And the radiant beams of cheerfulness,
That round one's Home are cast!

From the cold carpet on the earth,
With hue of ghostly white,
To turn with longing eye to where
Home's happy fire burns bright!

How dear, along the pilgrimage
Of elemental strife,
Is the calm prospect of a Home
Where gleams the light of life.

That light is e'er enduring love,
  Whose clear effulgence long
Shall gild the pleasures of my Home,
  With music's sweetest song.

And many a floral gem I've culled,
  In lands from whence I come,
To wreath with smiles of happiness
  My own belovèd home!

MOTHER'S LOVE.

What calms the infant's sleepy cry,
And sings harmonious lullaby?
What soothes to rest with circling arm,
Her charge to shield from threatened harm?
'Tis Mother's love!

When cradled in his downy bed,
With pearly stream so fondly fed,
What o'er him bends, with tender care,
Acknowledging no babe so fair?
'Tis Mother's love!

What teaches lisping tongue to tell
Of mysteries of heaven and hell?
What leads the infant heart to prayer,
In every comfort, every care?
'Tis Mother's love!

And when, on learning's path to roam,
He's banished the paternal home;
What anxious burns the midnight oil,
Temptations of the world to foil?
'Tis Mother's love!

And when the child to manhood grown,
Has choked the seed so careful sown;
What mourns in secret, lingering grief,
Mourning as if beyond relief?
'Tis Mother's love!

What power can brave the fiercest storm;
Dare Herculean acts perform;
Can war with worlds a son to save,
Or humbly kneel his life to crave?
'Tis Mother's love!

Whate'er in sickness or in health,
In pining want or rich in wealth,
Can cling with such tenacious grasp,
And even in death the loved one clasp?
'Tis Mother's love!

What sorrows o'er the dying bed
Such peace can round the sufferer shed?
With vigilance the night-watch keep;
No rest by day, by night no sleep?
'Tis Mother's love.

And when the spark of life has fled,
Earth yawns to take the newly dead,
Behold a form, with step so slow,
The victim of maternal woe—
Of Mother's love!

A PICTURE FROM LIFE.

How much I love the Boy to see
Fast merging from his infancy;
Bursting, with glee, the nursery yoke,
With joyous laugh and many a joke!

A gathering made of childish toys,
Of tops, those charms for little boys!
A bonfire! then, the rebel cries,
And bids the blazing upward rise!

So full of mischief is the boy,
That tricks are half his days' employ;
The kitten in his pocket rides,
And fifty other things besides!

A moment, then away he'll fly
Some fresh experiment to try;
With self-esteem intuitive,
In action prompt, imperative!

Makes friends with John for some old box,
At which he hammers, cleaves and knocks,
Nor rests till he the whole has broke;
When lo! the vision ends in smoke.

Beginning thus such countless things,
Aught ne'er he to conclusion brings;
Even fickle as the varying wind,
And every change—a change of mind.

A pony next the boy must have,
Hedges and ditches careless brave:
A pack of hounds his favourite friends,
A brush to fear new courage lends.

A dog he cannot live without,
To echo back stentorian shout;
Amphibious dare the watery deep,
On him with dripping paws to leap.

Talk to the urchin of his books,
And see the change come o'er his looks;
Wishes "That all in one might be,
And that were on the highest tree!"

The fiat wise at length is past,
And he on school's wide field is cast;
Fair flowers to seek from learning's hand,
And weave them in a cultured band.

Youth's light, elastic spirit sinks,
As he this bitter grief-cup drinks;
Ashamed to feel—no words to tell,
The misery of his first farewell.

A sympathetic softness creeps
O'er parents' hearts,—the mother weeps;—
Who could a parting tear refrain?
Alas! they may not meet again!

THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

I SEND thee forth my gentle child
On the wide expanse of earth;
The chequered scene of weal and woe,
Of sorrow and of mirth.

A fragile bark unused to aught
But the noon-tide's silvery wave;
Wafted by breezes of love and hope
From affection's starlit cave.

Even and smooth thou 'st run thy course,
Absorbed in a blissful dream:
Unruffled the waters of life for thee,
Unrippled the crystal stream.

Basking in sunshine of kisses and smiles;
Gems o'er thy fair young brow,
Beaming in home's bright roseate hue;
Reflecting the radiant glow.

A shadow now rests on the scene
Of thy gay and thy happy hours;
Shrouded the light of thy parent's love,
And thy native joyous bowers.

Oh! weep, weep not my peerless boy,
Nor hope for a cloudless sky;
Unmingled bliss has no dwelling on earth,
'Tis the boon of eternity!

Then chase from thine eyelid the tear,
That tenderness called from the heart,
Bid duty humanity veil,
Or bid it in weakness depart.

The cloud that is o'er thee will pass
Dimming thy spirit awhile;
Once more will the sun gild thy home
And wreath it with many a smile.

Let virtue, and goodness, and truth,
Shield thee from harm on thy way,
Then vainly the syren's sweet voice
Will lure thy footsteps astray.

Religion will steer thee aright,
Oh! lean on her trusty power;
She 'll bear thee through darkness of night;
Through each day, and through every hour.

With her for a guide thou art safe
From the shoals and the quicksands of youth;
Then firm as the storm-beaten rock,
Thou 'lt rest on the spirit of truth.

THE LIGHT OF THE PARSONAGE.

" Her angel's face
As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place."
SPENCER'S FAERIE QUEEN.

How wisely and mercifully has God bestowed on every living being the gift of instinct! By that the subordinate animals of creation are carried through their appointed parts in the great drama of existence. With man it is the unsought for consciousness of affinity to God and of consequent superiority over every living thing on the face of the earth. For God gave him " dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. So God created man in his own image, breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul." Placed in a

garden of indescribable beauty, and gifted with senses to appreciate and enjoy its attractions; not a being of chance, the flower of a day, seed to be scattered by the wind, but a living soul, a combination of earth and heaven; the casket of the dust of the earth—the gem, the breath, the life, the soul of heaven! Though some may doubt and others dare to cavil, where is the power that can sever this indissoluble bond, that draws every fibre of the heart to its source? Yes! though humanity may struggle and the powers of darkness forge weapons of destruction, the still small voice will whisper, the insatiable yearnings of the heart's vacuum will acknowledge a higher rule —an existing and everliving cause—a hope beyond the grave!

Thus do I conceive that religion, natural piety, is inherent in, the instinct of, man—seed sown by the author of life in mortal soil—seed which can never be extinct. Time is the season given us for its culture or its neglect, and the sequel is the harvest of freewill. If we tend the good seed with assiduity, and water it with the tears of penitence, we raise a tree of life that will bear us to eternal joy; if, on the

contrary, weeds be suffered to grow up and flourish, the seed, though it lose not its vitality, will run along the grosser soil and be gathered eventually with the chaff, to be committed to the flames of never-dying wrath. Once inhaling that celestial breath, gifted with that instinct which draws us with the cords of love, of gratitude and of hope to the creator of our being, we become at once accountable for the talents bestowed on us; and though feeble to prove that gratitude are the best endeavours of him, whose heart overflows with thankfulness for blessings enjoyed; how more than worthless are they who wilfully close their eyes to the divine mercy, and their ears to the charmer; to whom it is given to chase away gloom of discontent and austerity, to sheath the threatening thorn, to make the "rough places plain," whose "ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace;" yet how awful the conviction that "few there are who find it." It is true, we are told that all who seek may find, the means are easy to the theorist. "Believe and thou shalt be saved." But to prove our belief is the secret of faith, to wrestle with the power of sin, that is ever laying in wait for the

unwary and the careless, ready to take possession of the vacant tenement; it is the conquering this great enemy, the nourishing and cherishing the immortal seed, which can alone satisfy the natural cravings of man's heart; telling us, in language not to be misunderstood, that life was never intended to be to us the scene of idle or selfish enjoyment, but of active obligation,—not merely that we might consider ourselves spectators but actors,—that, according as the All-wise Mind has appointed, each has his allotted part to perform,—and that in proportion to his talents and temptations, will be his reward or his punishment hereafter.

Every condition and station of life has its plain and obvious duties, and however lofty or humble, however active or inert, each and all afford opportunities for the highest excellence of which human nature is susceptible. Especially favored are they, who inheriting the same promises, have their path in the still waters of life, by their sex unfitted for, as they are happily exempt from, the turmoil and the stirring temptations of life, yet are the calmer duties of woman not less important and im-

perative in their fulfilment. Varied and uncertain have been the stations which woman has been called on to fill in the history of the world; nor has the great disposer of events thought her unworthy of being made the instrument in carrying out his gracious scheme in the redemption of mankind. For man was not destined to reign alone in the earth. "The Word" called man from the dust of the ground, and God said "it is not good that the man should be alone, I will make him an help-meet for him;" and caused a deep sleep to fall on Adam and while he slept God took one of his ribs and of it "made he a woman," proving by this single act the destined union. Man was made of the earth, but woman of the man. Woman was made of man after he had received the spirit of God, obtaining with the corporeal form, the spiritual essence which was therewith incorporated, not separately and detached, but partaking it conjointly and unitedly; and highly favored have women been from the beginning of time, selected as objects of honor, tenderness, love, mercy, and grace by the great creator and Lord of all.

When Eve first sinned, God in his mercy put

away her sin, and calmed the guilty but repentant soul of the mother of mankind, with the promise of redemption for her posterity, that woman should be the instrument of "bruising the serpent's head;" a hope that illumined the gloom of exile, soothed the trials of maternity, and comforted her in the mourning for her children. It was woman that was chosen from all the power of Egypt to preserve the life of the future great lawgiver of the Jews, when the wickedness of man had destined him to destruction. A woman from all the race of Abraham was raised to the throne of Persia, as a means of preserving her people. Deborah, the wife of Lapidoth, was a prophetess and judged Israel—"all came to her for judgement," to her was given the courage and faith denied to the pusillanimous Barak. Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, was employed in the destruction of Sisera, the enemy of Israel—"The Lord shall sell Sisera into the hand of a woman." Woman was chosen from the veriest poverty to sustain for a season the holy prophet, the denouncer of Ahab rich in the world's goods, and was blessed by miracles worked for the preservation of life to herself and

her son. A little maid of Israel, selected from the captives of Syria, was instrumental in the cleansing from leprosy, of Naaman captain of the host of that conquering country, and turning him to the Lord. What but grace, poured into the yearning heart of Hannah, devoted from infancy her first-born Samuel to the priesthood, banished and an exile from the paternal roof. It was woman, the mother of Belshazzar, that suggested the means of interpreting the "hand writing on the wall," which all the talent, the magic and the wealth of Babylon had failed to decypher—'twas the warning voice of woman, the wife of Pilate, that bade the weak governor of Judea "to have nothing to do with that just man, for she had suffered many things in a dream because of him," to which had he listened, his memory would have been free from the deed, that has written his name in characters of blood! Then by woman came the ratifying of the covenant between God and man—the end, aim, and object of the types, symbols, and sacrifices from the first Adam to the hour that "the Word was made flesh"—"God sent forth his son made of a woman:" to woman was the promise

made, by woman was it fulfilled. To woman was it given first to hail the coming of her Lord, to hallow the fondlings of a mother's love by breathing over her God-child, the confession of her devotion to her God, who had favorably beheld "the lowliness of his handmaid," while her "soul magnified the Lord and her spirit rejoiced in God her Saviour." The whole course of that Saviour's travail through this vale of tears, was characterized by an uninterrupted gentleness, indulgence and tenderness to woman. Women were among the earliest and most earnest of his followers. He wept with Martha and Mary over the bier of their brother, he encouraged the repentance and accepted the heart-offering of the contrite Magdalen, he condemned not the "judged" and "stoned" of men, he profferred to the erring woman of Samaria, the waters of eternal life, and not only did he suffer himself to be anointed by a woman for his burial, but declared that "wherever the gospel should be preached in the whole world, this which she had done should be told for a memorial of her." And the last earthly care of this "man of sorrows," as he hung ignominiously bleeding and agonized on

the cross, an atonement for the sins of an ungrateful world, was for woman—the mother of his manhood—for her gentle spirit he had himself provided, while her person he consigned to the care of the disciple whom he loved, "Behold thy mother!" It was to woman the unwearied Magdalen, that the first glad tidings were conveyed that "the Lord had risen," and to her he first appeared after his resurrection. Nor after this, did woman fail to be foremost among the brightest jewels in the Christian crown—she ministered to the saints and was had in honor of the apostles; and when infidelity levelled its arrows of persecution, and the hydra-headed polytheism raised its towering front, "women not a few" were among the most devoted of the martyrs, and were not found to shrink from the revolting barbarities, which ingenuity perplexed itself in inventing for the destruction of the patient and unresisting people of God: the weaker vessels being made strong by the indwelling of the spirit!

St. John Chrysostom, we are told, was blessed with a "pious mother" by whom, his father being dead, "his education was attended to in a

very particular manner." Of acknowledged purity of life, he was severe and austere in his habits, yet he had for his friend, Olympas, an opulent lady, an example of piety, who for her profession of christianity was banished to Nicomedia, and by whom in his exile St. Chrysostom was supplied with money, which enabled him "to feed those wasted by famine, by whom he was surrounded." It is especially mentioned that St. Jerom "instructed women in theology," and had a friend Paula, who, with several other women retired to Bethlehem, that they might end their days under the influence of his pious exhortations. Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, "charmed St. Ambrose with the fervor of her piety and the amiableness of her good works:" she prayed and wept for the salvation of her son, whom "she followed by land and sea," reasoning with, urging and encouraging him, and in the end with divine aid, persuaded him to be "altogether a christian." By her importunities to a certain bishop, that he would use his abilities and influence to reclaim her son, she elicited this memorable observation, "Begone, good woman, it is not possible that the child

of such tears should perish." Helena, the mother of the great Constantine, filled the whole Roman world with her munificent acts in support of the christian religion, she erected churches, and travelled from place to place to evidence her zeal.

History has handed down to us the fulfilment of Isaiah's words, "That queens should be the nursing mothers of the church." Bertha resuscitated the smouldering ashes,—re-illumined the dying flame in our own country, by protecting the christian emissaries and inducing her husband, Ethelbert, to embrace the life-giving faith. And, in the course of time, when the Augean impurities, which had driven woman, in her native dignity, from the priestly hearth, and universally, from the high position in which christianity had placed her, were swept away by the great champion of truth—the star of Germany, that piercing the thick film of incrusted error, like the sun, before which the clouds of morning roll, shed the effulgence of his own radiance over a new-born world; then re-arose the estimation of woman—queens again became the nursing mothers of the church. The powerful and indomitable

Elizabeth was sent to heal the wounds of her suffering country, to shield with the ægis of sovereignty her insulted faith, and stay, with the balm of mercy, the bleeding wounds of the martyrs. From the hour that wrenched the sceptre from her vigorous grasp; chequered was the scene of Christendom, till the voice of woman was once more heard and acknowledged in the councils of Britain. James was deposed, and his daughters were successively chosen as nursing mothers of the church. By woman too came the succession to these realms in the house of Brunswick, confirming the inestimable privileges of the gospel to this hour, when the diadem of protestantism rests on the unsullied brow of woman. And who that beholds that high place so worthily filled, shall presume to banish woman in her purity from one of the domestic hearths, among the homes of England or in the vast extent of her dominions? And to her, our young and gracious queen, who is destined to mirror to posterity the grace and the purity of her age, to her, the "Defender of the Faith," do we, in all confidence look to protect the honor and to sustain the privileges of woman!

I have wished to confine myself to the word of God and its immediate authorities, which I conceive to be the only true foundation of all knowledge, though history affords numberless examples that might be brought to bear with much force on this point; poetry too, in its imagery and personification of purity and virtue, offers worthy illustrations in support of the general character and estimation in which woman has been held in various ages and stations. History, however, is the superstructure of man, poetry of the mind and imagination, and may be questioned; but the "corner stone who can move?"

Woman in the various states of maiden, wife and mother, is throughout scripture, as well as by the early divines, mentioned as the symbol of the church, the beloved of Christ, but more particularly so in reference to marriage and maternity. When Justin Martyr and his followers were brought before the judge of Rome to answer for their religion—among other questions, one of them was asked, who his parents were, to which he replied, that "Christ was his true father, and the faith

through which he believed on him, his mother." Polycarp calls the faith delivered to man "the mother of us all." St. John, who addressed his second epistle to an honorable matron, as "The elder, unto the elect lady and her children whom I love in the truth," says, that in his vision there appeared "a great wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars;" and again, "All the angels talked with me, saying, come hither I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife;" again, "Let us be glad and rejoice and give honor to him, for the marriage of the Lamb is come and his wife hath made herself ready. And to her it was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen clean and white, for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints."

Yet are there some who permit themselves to affirm that marriage is not a religious ceremony; if it be not so, I would simply ask, ought it to exist at all? But that it is a religious obligation, the whole tenor of the scriptures, and the precept and example of our blessed Saviour and the most enlightened of his followers have sufficiently evidenced.

It is said that all the apostles were married except St. John and St. Paul, and, among others, by Ignatius, the fellow-disciple with Polycarp of St. John, that St. Paul himself was married, though not until after he wrote his epistle. A miracle was wrought for the restoration to health of the mother of Peter's wife. Peter, it seems, lived long in a state of matrimony, which was dissolved by "the martyrdom of his wife," and by Clement's account, "he was industrious in the education of his children." God commanded Joseph to take Mary to wife before the birth of Christ, thus clearly, unquestionably sanctioning marriage; Christ himself honored marriage with his presence, and sanctified it by his "first miracle." "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord." "A prudent wife is from the Lord." "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband,"—are declarations of Holy Writ—as also that "Marriage is honorable in all," without respect to sex or calling.

If, then, marriage were instituted by God, blessed by Christ, practised by his apostles and the most exemplary of his followers, and pronounced "honor-

able in all;"—if a wife be a good thing, and bringeth with her the favor of the Lord;—if woman was created to be an help-meet for man;—if marriage was instituted not only to fulfil the ends of creation, but to be a blessing to man—who is he that will venture to deny his God, to doubt his Saviour and question his word, by affirming that they, the Lord's anointed, the administers of his ordinances, the ambassadors of Christ, are to be the only beings on earth debarred from this favor, denied this crown, this solace, this help-meet for man, and would pluck, too, from the priestly dwelling the loveliest wreath that can deck the bower of man—the olive? And where, I would ask, can our country look with so just a confidence, for the most useful and enlightened members of its community, for honour, integrity and practical christianity, as to the unadulterated atmosphere and unostentatious home of the married priest.

Marriage has always been held as a season of rejoicing from the earliest times; "For how," says an ancient writer, "can I sufficiently set forth the happiness of that marriage which the church makes

or conciliates, and the offering confirms, and the angels report, and the Father ratifies." The greatest saints in heaven, at least those that the scripture speaks of, which is most to be trusted, were married while on earth, showing that marriage was no hindrance to the greatest holiness here, nor the highest happiness hereafter. In the time of the patriarchs, the eldest son, who was the head of the family and was to keep it up, was a priest. All the men now in the world derive their origin from a priest, who both sacrificed and was a preacher of righteousness.

The priests of the Old Testament were all married; indeed their marriage was necessary to the being of their church. It was by the immediate command of God hereditary—a birthright. And God manifested his displeasure towards those who presumed to contest this privilege by signal and unquestionable interference, and by inflicting on such offenders the most immediate and awful punishment. When the rebellious sons of Reuben rose up in the wilderness against the priestly office, the sand was divided by an almighty power—"The earth opened her mouth," and the soil, which had witnessed

their rebellion, became their tomb! And when at the altar of Bethel, in dishonor of his God, and in contempt of his law, Jeroboam invaded the ministerial function, the altar was rent and the sacrilegeous hand of impiety was withered. And under the new dispensation—the New Testament—it is said, "A bishop must be blameless, the husband of one wife, having his children in subjection, with all gravity," Also, "Let the deacons be the husband of one wife, ruling their children and their houses well;" implying not merely a permission, but an expectation that they would marry. And though the apostle says "He that is unmarried careth for the things of the Lord, how he may please the Lord, but he that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife;"—this it will be recollected was written in times that threatened great danger to the church and to its disciples. It was, however, not to the priest individually, but to christians generally, that this language was addressed, in reference especially to those times of hazard and persecution to which the advocates of Christianity were then subjected; for St. Paul ex-

pressly says "It is good for the present distress that a man (not a priest) do not marry," yet he blameth not those who did marry, though he said they should have trouble in the flesh—that their families would be the means of adding to their care in the natural anxiety for their safety, in the perils and adversities which threatened all attached to the faith, while he who was single would have nothing but his own individual person to interfere with his exertions for the support and extension of the gospel.

We have but to look back to the purity of life exercised by the early christians, and from thence trace the tone of morality down to that awful state of depravity in which the self-styled church was found in the sixteenth century; to read one line in the history of the Borgian court and its dependancies; to prove incontestably the expediency of a married priesthood, together with the illimitable benefits that might have been derived not only to the spiritualities and temporalities of the priests themselves, but to the community at large, from beholding in the family of the man who professed his church infallible, and himself the magnet which could alone

draw man to God, examples of practical and unimpeached virtue. And well may we conceive how sweet would be the strains with which the celestial harps would celebrate the thrilling Epithalamium, when, dissipating the thraldrom of an ambitious and unscriptural law, angels reported the marriage of a priest!

The circumstance of my being the daughter, the wife, and, if God will I hope to be, the mother, of a Clergyman of the Church of England, will not, I trust, be considered by a British public to militate against an adequate performance of the duty I have, perhaps with too much temerity, imposed upon myself; that of endeavouring to support the claim which, by the renovation of the true Catholic Church, has now for centuries been conceded to woman—the privilege of sharing the homes, the affections, the cares, the anxieties and responsibilities of the ministers of God's holy word. It is true, and I confess it without a blush, that I am proud of my religion, proud of my country which acknowledges it as an integral part of her constitution, proud of my position which it shelters and supports; while at the same time I am deeply

grateful to my God who has so largely honored and blessed it. Oh! that I had "the pen of a ready writer" to brush away any suspicion that may arise of an undue partiality for that state and station of life in which it has pleased God to place me, that I might picture in all its inborn purity, the virtue, the excellence and the beauty that pervade the atmosphere of a protestant parsonage.

In the circumscribed circle in which from my infancy I have moved, in that narrow scene alone it is, that I dare hope to be estimated in the light of a humble, though sincere disciple of the truth, and to be believed when I assert that nothing but an earnest and anxious desire for the promotion of principles instilled into my earliest perceptions, and which time and reflection have matured and confirmed, no other consideration could have induced me to step forth from my village retreat, and open to the gaze of a cold and unsympathising world, the sanctified recesses of a happy home; where, I will venture to affirm, that if each heart could be laid open, each motive of action analyzed, singleness of thought and purity of purpose would be discovered written in

characters of gold—gold, not from the crucible of the worldling, but from the unexcavated mine of purity and truth; not glorying in the pride of infallibility, but deploring the weakness of humanity, made strong alone by the all-sufficient atonement of a Crucified Redeemer—where woman in all her native grace throws around the chaste beams of light in the true beauty of holiness; reverencing her husband not more for his acknowledged superiority as her head, than as the representative of the church, succeeding through apostolic ordination rather than by kindred, to the administration of the word and ordinances of the christian religion. With him at early morn does she assemble her children and domestics, and offer up the prayer of thankfulness for their preservation during the hours of darkness, imploring protection and blessing on all the thoughts, words and actions of the coming day. Then succeed the arrangement of the household, the ordering of servants, the providing for the comforts of the family, mingling all with the care of her children;—for when is a mother's heart insensible or unconscious of those calls of instinct?—the visiting the sick and

needy, sending to the fastidious little dainties from the family table; medicine for disease and cordials for the palate; advising the young, sympathising with the old, caring for all. With evening comes the "social meal," that, acting as a centre, draws the rays in a glad circle of united and innocent enjoyment—then is the needle made to perform its part of the revolving duties, while one reads aloud from among the many interesting and instructive works with which the press is ever teeming in this craving age. An early hour again finds the family and household closing their day's occupation with prayer—such is the routine of a parsonage, not only as I have witnessed in the house where I myself have lived, but in every clergyman's family in which I have had the pleasure and advantage of being occasionally domesticated; and it is from the very sincerity of my heart that I declare it to be my own conviction, and not merely mine, which being feminine, may, consequently be weak, but the conviction of others far more capable of judging and deciding on so important a matter, that the great cause of the superior tone of morality and order which now characterizes the body of

christians, as it has ever done, since it drew its first breath beneath the eastern star—acknowledged in former times by the heathens themselves, their avowed enemies and persecutors, and doubted but by few in our own day—emanates not more from the preaching of the pulpit or from the practice of the preacher, than from the chastened influence and virtuous example sent forth by woman, as the Light of the Parsonage.

I hope that I shall be pardoned for allowing my expressions to betray the difficulty I find in describing my own observations without an appearance of egotism, which I would gladly have avoided. Those observations have been principally confined to the little world of the clergy; it is of these that I would speak; and though I hold each man's home to be a sanctuary, his castle to protect him from all invasion; yet, when the purity of that home is questioned, I cannot forbear bringing to the view that Rosicrucian light, which, hiding itself under a modest shade, only glows the brighter by the concentration of its beams; and now that the threat is abroad to the dimming of that brightness, I conceive

that it behoves every true lover of the faith to show forth this light before men, that its good works may be seen to the "glorifying of the father which is in heaven."

It is no easy task to select from the calm current of a woman's life those eddies of greatness which have startled the world in by-gone times of danger and persecution. There are now no heroines to war with or to conquer the world—women now battle but with their own humanity, their world, the limited sphere of home, where every hour might tell of duties fulfilled and precepts of christianity practised; every breath hallowed by a purity which may defy the tongue of slander, which a vestal might have envied, and a Lucretia imitated. Exceptions there may be, but I am proud to say, that such I have not known, it is only of what I do know and have witnessed that I shall venture to speak.

A certain pastor took a wife in his youth, a woman of some personal attractions, and wealth enough to justify the world in pronouncing it a "desirable match," but he told her not of his love until he had ascertained the extent of her religious knowledge and

her participation in its ordinances. They married, and tears hallowed the bridal of the priest—tears, not of regret or remorse, but the overflowing conviction of the responsibility of the solemn act; and with the prayer of the closet was sanctified the confession of the lips, and sealed by the sacrament which the ritual enjoins. The wife of a priest, nurtured in luxury and ease, learns her first lesson in housewifery by preparing little cordials for the sick poor; she visits them in their need, reads to them words of comfort and consolation from the sacred volume, showing them how especially provided for, and how blessed are the poor, for "their's is the kingdom of heaven." And when to the responsibilities of the wife, are to be added those of the mother, it is to the throne of him who seeth all hearts, that woman pours forth her soul in prayer, for the divine aid which can alone enable her to fulfil her added duties, and to endue her unborn babe with that spirit of holiness which makes earth peace, and eternity bliss! and at the mother's knee to lisp the words of grace. It was at the knee of my mother that I first learnt to sip with infant listlessness of the fount of life; and how

often too, have I seen her brave wind and storm to visit the needy, and administer to the necessities of the sick. Like a true Sister of Charity, when more than three-score years had silvered her once bright tresses, did she, at a moment's notice, leave her home of comfort, travel many miles to gladden the heart of the sufferer by her presence, to watch in obscure lodgings, to which misfortune and a too trusting friendship had reduced him; and day after day, in the depth of winter, did she, alone and unmurmuringly administer to the wants, bear with the restlessness, and at last, receive the dying breath of a kind but unfortunate being; uncheered but by the occasional visits of her children, and the delightful consciousness of performing a christian duty—of smoothing the pillow of sickness, and pouring the balm of sympathy into the wounded spirit.

I have seen the wife of a protestant priest sacrificing her own tastes and more feminine occupations, to aid her husband in the minor but important duties of a large and populous parish. I have seen her spend hour after hour, in arranging the business and managing the accounts of schools and charitable insti-

tutions;—her house open to all, her table spread with hospitality. Many a time have I sat with her at that table, the only females among a large assemblage of clergymen, a mixed company, from the dignified and the wealthy, to the poor curate "passing rich with forty pounds a year," and him, who, with a wife and large family, would walk more than thirty miles in the day, to add his voice in the support of any measure for the welfare and benefit of the protestant church. All, without distinction of persons, were alike welcome at that liberal board. Often have I seen him, "thus given to hospitality," the zealous and excellent priest, come in, when the labours of the day were over, exhausted and desponding from the opposition and manifest ill-feeling of disaffected spirits, soothed by the tender sympathy of his wife, cheered and encouraged by her smiles, to continue to fight the good fight; and practically would he acknowledge the efficacy of those beams that radiate from the Light of the Parsonage.

In my youth, I was much in the family of a clergyman, who was somewhat strange and eccentric in his habits, and who, though naturally no misan-

thrope, had his peculiar occupations and amusements, and for their full development, he built his house in the most inaccessible place he could select, in order, as he used laughingly to say, "that nobody might find him out." The roads all round this secluded spot were generally, during the winter months, impassable for carriages; his own he invariably took to pieces, and brought the fragments into a spare apartment in his house. His parish was only a village, and though distant to a stranger, he found it sufficiently available for the due performance of his pastoral calls. To vegetate in this retired nook, he brought from the south of England his wife, a well connected, amiable, ladylike person, where, for twenty years, with great delicacy of health, she continued an uninterrupted course of active duties, walking to church frequently ancle deep in mud, and buffeting, with heroic perseverance, against numberless difficulties; often, for weeks together, confined through physical debility, to the monotonous pacing up and down a straight gravel walk. She enjoyed society, which she was calculated to adorn, and none who knew her, but regretted her

annual immolation; yet never was that home gloomy, either to her or to others, for she shed over all the influence of her own gentle grace, though for months, her husband was her only companion; he was light-hearted and merry, would sing to the moon, and soliloquize to the distant mill; at break of day, from his dressing-room window, would echo the reveillie of the "cheerful chanticleer," and chant from the top of the house, his wants to the servants below. But with all this, and many generous and admirable qualities, he was of an irritable and most passionate temper; in this state, I confess with pain that I have often seen him, but I have also seen him on those occasions invariably yield, subdued and docile, at a word or look from his collected and gentle wife, when a smile would instantaneously banish the frown of anger, and restore the better and finer feelings of the christian and the gentleman. And though death has long since dissolved that tie, and chilled the warm heart, some may recognize this sketch, and all who knew and loved its actors as I have done, will, I doubt not, acknowledge its truth.

I know the family of a clergyman, in which the

accomplished wife, has by inheritance become possessed of a princely fortune, and for whom I entertain the esteem and regard which virtue and general superiority cannot fail to inspire, in whom that accession of wealth has apparently produced no elation or assumption, no change, but that of increasing their bounty to the necessitous, and their kindness to all. And I know of none, whose practical excellence, liberality and ability, can more truly justify, if indeed justification be necessary, for what the word of God has pronounced "honorable in all"—the marriage of the priest.

One more illustration I must indulge myself with, among the many that I could offer, but abstain lest I weary the reader. It is that of two brothers, college friends and for many years contemporaries of my dear father; who, both worthy and excellent men, much resembled each other. Both were clergymen, and had good preferment in the church. One married, the other remained single—the lot of the former was cast in a populous town, the latter in the country. The home of the bachelor was cheerless and desolate, the only ray that pene-

trated its gloom, was by the occasional visits of his brother's family, to whom he was greatly and deservedly attached, but owing to the great distance which separated them, they rarely met. Years rolled on, the death of old and esteemed friends, and the infirmities and peevishness of age, added to the gloom of solitude, and the inopportune occurrences of the world, to which he gradually became a stranger, irritated and dispirited him; till at length the mind, once so vigorous and gifted, gave way; and in the most pitiable state of despondency, he lingered out a wearisome existence, till a sudden and unlooked for death closed his solitary career. Meanwhile the other brother, happy in a union with an amiable and gentle wife, has lived beyond the years allotted to man, and, in his old age, to cherish the memory of his once "espoused saint"—while his wants, wishes and necessities are hourly ministered to by his lovely daughters. Marriage, I doubt not, will be among the most grateful aspirations of the dying priest.

Thus have I endeavoured, with how much success it is not for me to say, to prove from the

scriptures and their first and purest interpreters, that woman from her creation, though physically weak and frail, is spiritually equal with man—equally with him heir of a heavenly kingdom, and declared by the word which cannot err, "a help meet for man"—that she brings to the aid of the church, wealth, virtue, devotion, grace and accomplishments; and apart from the world, often debarred from all society suited to her birth and station, retires voluntarily to a humble parsonage, obtaining for it honor and respect—giving to it a habitation and a name, which is in vain sought for in those solitary homes which are unblest by the light of woman:—to prove that to the church, based on the rock of ages, marriage has given the cyclopian pillar, and the marriage of the Lamb its capital; that marriage was instituted and blest by God and his Christ, especially in the priesthood; and as children are an heritage and gift that cometh of the Lord, so was the very office of the priest, by divine appointment, made hereditary:—and lastly, to prove from my own personal observation, the true carrying out, of this divine intention, for such I unhesitatingly

declare marriage to be, in purity and piety, confirmed by my own personal feelings, the reverence in which I hold the office of my husband, and the responsibility I have ever felt to be inseparable from the position I occupy as his wife.

And ye, daughters of the household of faith! fair flowers of this envied garden of the world! nourished with the sweet waters of baptism, and signed with the mystic seal of sanctity, I, the most frail of all the fragile flowers of Britain, call on ye from my lowly village with all the yearnings of sisterly love, to aid my feeble efforts in defending, by the fulfilment of the responsible and various duties of life, and to maintain for woman, the proud position in which she is placed by the admirable constitution of our country. "Putting on the armour of light," let us prove to our enemies, if such indeed we have, that though we are inferior in physical power and mental energies, humanly speaking the weaker vessel, we are equal with man, as heirs of eternal life; and as "becometh women professing godliness," let us strive with them, not for the perishable things of time, but for the mastery of holiness; let us

show by our practice the beauty of those principles which the pastors preach; and, keeping ourselves with all diligence, sedulously keep ourselves unspotted from the world. Let our light so shine before men as to chase away the gloom and obscurity with which some seek to shroud the path of the priesthood: for gloom is not religion—celibacy is not purity. Let us, by raising ourselves above the follies, the vanities and temptations of the world, be meek and lowly of heart, the same mind being in us which was in Christ Jesus, that we may, by the favor of him, the spouse of the church, who suffered himself to be anointed for his burial by the hand of woman, claim the privilege and prove ourselves worthy before God and before the world of enjoying that high position which I affirm woman does enjoy in this our glorious day; of being, till all distinctions shall cease and time be absorbed in eternity, the unflinching friend, the faithful wife of the protestant priest; the respected mistress of his household, the honored mother of his children, the participator of his cares, the sympathizer in his anxieties, the softener of asperities, and the aider in

his charities; throwing around her the sweet influence of a chaste humility, and with its mild effulgence radiating the circle of her calm abode, thus constraining the caviller to confess that woman is eminently fitted to adorn, and by her education and example not undeserving of the designation I have ventured to assign her, as the Light of the Parsonage!

And ye, ambassadors of Christ! anointed of the Lord! sons of the priesthood! ye, do I, born within its shadow, and, like the offspring of the devout Hannah, devoted from my birth to the church, with which I feel every fibre of my being interwoven, ye do I entreat not to tear from ye the tendril that would so gracefully wind itself around your form, frail though it be, it would make a gentle web to shield ye from the chill world, and brave, with a courage heroes need not blush for, the storms of persecution and of danger. Cast not from your bosom the lamb that seeks shelter there, calling on the softer and kindlier feelings of humanity to bid it welcome; for in this guise ye may peradventure deny entrance to a ray of divine glory, of that love

of which God is the source, that would joy with your joy, and mingle in your griefs, would shed a sweet halo around your path, a softened radiance over the thoughtful course of piety. Far from weaning your affections or withdrawing your attention from the commanding duties of your office, woman, in conformity with that word which has made her the symbol of the church, will in her own person and estimation become one with it; will grow with its growth, and live but with its life. Doubt not that the clothing piety in the forbidding and unsightly garb of darkness, the pride of self-esteem—the making himself judge of his neighbours' motives and actions, hiding beneath the cloak of devotion, his love of secular aggrandizement, and the ambition which a single life is so likely to engender;—doubt not, that these temptations are far more dangerous to the temporal and spiritual peace of the "messenger of the Lord of Hosts," than conjugal association with the estimable and refined qualifications of a virtuous woman. Banish not from your solitary hearth a companion, gentle, unselfish, educated and pure—a friend, faithful, tender and unwearied; in

short, "an help meet for man," for she is the emblem of all that is graceful, chaste and beautiful—the personification of the church—"the Bride, the Lamb's wife." Oh! take, then, to your homes this gem of the christian crown, this "pearl of great price," for "she looketh forth as the dawn; fair as the moon; clear as the sun; dazzling as the bannered hosts!" If woman be thus the symbol of the beatitude of heaven, what earthly breath shall presume to contest her claim to be in the humble abode of its servant and its priest, his solace, his companion, his friend, hallowing the scene of their mutual labors with those chaste and silvery beams which can alone emanate from his wife,

THE LIGHT OF THE PARSONAGE!

TO MY HUSBAND ON HIS BIRTHDAY

December 1841.

Around thy brow I fain would weave
A chaplet of unfading flowers,
In sweet remembrance there to leave
Types of our happiest hours,
And on thy cherished love would bind
My wreath of poesy and song,
Unshaken by the passing wind
That stirs the aspen throng.
Oh! would that I a worthy muse
Could offer at thy shrine,
And, in its whisperings sweet, infuse
The spirit of verse divine.

Though powerless droop the muse's shaft;
Though all unplumed the feathery wing;
Though not an attic breeze may waft,
Or from Parnassus bring,

The Delphian oracle's behest,
Which erewhile on that central site,
Was wont its votaries to invest
With the future's dubious light;
Though far from me Castalia's fount
To cool the feverish brow,
And aid me o'er the heights to mount
Where Pindus' waters flow:

Yet would I pluck a laurel bough,
Wreathed with the famed Junonian flowers,
And bid it flourish long, and grow
In our domestic bowers!
Beneath its mystic shadow rest
Doves from a far off ancient strand,
By earth unmarred, by earth unblest,
Birds of a better land.
Oh, take thou, then, this simple wreath,
'T will bear its destined part,
And ever bloom where thou dost breathe,
But—place it near thy heart!

THE SABBATH.

No day for me has half the charms,
So free from care and wild alarms
As this—the welcome one.
For me no day so full of joy,
Of sweet content without alloy
As this—the hallowed one!

No day so rich in peaceful rest,
So fairly clad, so purely drest,
As this—the welcome one:
A robe of righteousness thou hast,
To clothe the future, as the past,
Even thou—the hallowed one!

Lulled to sweet rest the cattle seem
In quiet peacefulness to dream
On this—the welcome one;

As if to them there ne'er arose
A day so full of soft repose
As this—the hallowed one!

For man, thou'st made in earliest days,
Who, in return, observance pays
Towards thee—the welcome one;
Leaves busy cares of wealth and power,
To enjoy the calm and sacred hour
With thee—the hallowed one!

The tuneful bell, with solemn call,
More deeply sounds and musical
On this—the welcome one;
Inviting sinners to their God
To hymn his praise, his mercy laud,
On this—the hallowed one!

Ah! well it is that we should rest
On this, the holiest and the best,
On this—the welcome one;
The day alone of all the seven,
We take from earth to give to heaven,
Even this—the hallowed one!

Creation's Lord his fiat past,
As, pausing from his labor vast,
On this—the welcome one;
Commanded frail and erring man
His sins confess, his motives scan
On this—the hallowed one!

Let one and all on earth below,
Before his footstool humbly bow,
On this—the welcome one:
Before the throne repentance bring,
And thankfulness, and praises sing
On this—the hallowed one!

A HYMN

On the occasion of decking the church with flowers, in commemoration of our Saviour's triumphal entry into Jerusalem.

With flowers we've wreathed the holy shrine,
Where now we humbly meet,
To bend before the Son Divine,
And worship at his feet.

The beauty of the opening flower,
True holiness portrays,
The fragrance of the blooming flower,
Its wide encircling rays.

Then let us throw our garments rude,
And deck the way with flowers,
As once the path of Christ was strewed
With boughs from Kedron's bowers.

While entering Zion's doomèd wall,
In meek triumphant state,
The palm in lowly homage falls,
To the life-spring consecrate!

Pure stream of heavenly breathing love,
Who taught the sinner faith,
And rose a conqueror above,
O'er sin, the grave and death!

Come, pour forth songs of gratitude,
Devoutly kneeling pray,
That we may feel the plenitude
Of his all-glorious sway!

THE SUMMER'S EVENING WALK.

How sweet to roam o'er dewy mead,
In summer's evening hour;
To brush the bloom from many a weed,
And many a closing flower.

How sweet the balmy air to feel,
When the sun's retiring ray
Invites the perfumed dews to steal
O'er earth's declining day.

How sweet the warbler's tuneful song,
As, borne on ambient air,
She wings her lofty flight along
To soothe her nestling care.

How sweet to see the woodbine cling
With firm tenacious grasp,
Around the noble forest king,
The mighty monarch clasp.

How sweet to hear the watchdog's bark,
  How musical the sound!
'Tis loud—now dies away—and mark—
  How echo brings it round.

How sweet the village maid to watch,
  In posture bending low,
The warm sweet milky stream to catch,
  And press its ready flow.

How sweet to view contentment reign,
  And rest, the watchword give;
To see through nature's wide domain
  A peaceful calmness live.

But sweeter far the holy love
  That calmness brings to all,
Who, e'er before the throne above,
  In adoration fall!

TO TIME.

Oh! give me back the lily white
That blanched my virgin brow,
As lowly at the altar's pale
I took the nuptial vow.

Oh! give me back the rose's blush
Of maiden modesty,
That deep beneath the bridal veil
No eye but his might see.

Oh! give me back the glow of health
That coursed through every vein,
A purple stream of freshest hue,
No polished art could feign.

Oh! give me back the blithesome step—
The light elastic tread,
That bore me o'er the churchyard path,
The day that I was wed.

Oh! give me back the spirit gay
Which decked that path with flowers;
And thought thou ne'er could'st brush the bloom
From those bright roseate bowers.

Thou hast no power now o'er the past,
Who far those earth-gifts hurled!
Still mayst thou bear me, like the flower,
Unspotted from the world.

Though o'er my health a blight has gone,
Sapping the vital vein;
Yet streams of charity may flow,
A purer health to gain.

Though slow, the once so sprightly step
May surely now be found,
Firm on the "Rock of Ages" pressed—
That consecrated ground!

In place of spirits wild, I fain
Subdued in heart would be—
A "bruisèd reed," and lowly bent
In meek humility.

I would not, if I could withdraw,
Oh! Time, thy onward flow;
Or rob thee of thy garnered sweets,
For all thou canst bestow!

Since on thy restless power I lean,
A frail and fragile thing;
Oh! bear me to the realms of bliss—
Gently upon thy wing.

THE SEA AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

"God be with thee, gladsome ocean!
How gladly greet I thee once more!
* * * *
Me a thousand hopes and pleasures,
A thousand recollections bland,
Thoughts sublime, and stately measures,
Revisit on thy echoing strand.
O ye hopes, that stir within me,
Health comes with you from above!
God is with me, God is in me!
I cannot die, if life be love."

S. T. Coleridge.

Once more I find myself domiciled in my old quarters by the sea—literally the sea. Start not, "gentle reader," nor hastily throw aside these pages, when I confess that it is my present intention to bring to thine aid and mine, to play its part in wiling away the "leaden hours" between sunrise and sunset, this subject alone;—with here and there a glimpse of my unworthy self, and a few desultory

thoughts, probably little more valuable. But come, fair one, clear that pretty brow and smile with me along the path of my séjour by the sea and its associations; though somewhat heavy, the way is short and its end peaceful.

Paying as I do, an annual visit here, it may be imagined that I bring with me a sort of home feeling, and am looked on by the kind people, whose accommodations I occupy, as almost a part of their household. It is true the rooms are small; but I am a small person, with small means and small wants, and bear in mind what my sage aunt Dorothy used with so much energy to impress on my youthful attention, when superintending the orderly arrangements of my workbox, namely, "that there should be a place for everything, and everything in its place." In thus acting on the admonition of my revered relative, I cannot but acknowledge, at least, the consistency of my position; and when I have first entered my little drawing-room in a morning, with its two small paned square windows, admitting the vivifying beams of the early sun;—watched the sweet pea smothering with her false embraces, the

rose, nestling in her shrubby bower, the better to display her own flaunting beauties;—inhaled the odours of the stock and the briar;—listened to the merry song of the lark, as it mounts from earth to heaven, offering with instinctive gratitude the first-fruits of its renovated powers to the Giver of Life: —with this little chorister, that, as it were, rides upon the air and makes the dew its footstool, bearing my aspirations with its melody to the Creator and Preserver of all; I miss not the nightingale, or the light of his being, the glow-worm: for while he is steeping his little sylvan world in harmony, I am enjoying repose and repairing my exhausted frame for the fulfilment of the simple duties of the morrow. Then comes softly in my pretty little maid, with her blue eyes, her fair hair and still fairer complexion, with a piled up plate of fresh shrimps, and a "please Ma'am, shall I bring in breakfast?" With sometimes a visit from the good vicar, ever the bearer of some kind remembrance, a few choice apples, the best in the world, the fruits of his own grafting, or a basket of fine gooseberries under which his trees groaned; I mentally exclaiming, truly that garden

is rich in its produce, the soil must surely take on itself the privilege of paying tithe for the whole parish:—but thus is genuine liberality ever ready to hide itself under the cover of an excuse! Then ever and anon comes the dear friend, my spring, my lily among flowers, tempting the fastidious palate of the dietist with delicacies with which her own carelessness would leave her unprovided, and breathing into my ear exotic perfumes in the sayings and doings—the pros and cons of the busy world, of which I seem, in this quit nook, a calm and unmingling spectator!—And quickly does the hour pass that tolls her adieu!

How often have I wondered that any one, blest with health, vigour and eyesight, who could brave with impunity the fresh breezes from the east, plod through the heavy sand and ramble over this flat, but most fertile country, gathering the wild orchis or enriching the Hortus Siccus with indigenous ferns and grasses, and when the weather is unfavourable may be occupied with books and work and busy thoughts, should complain of ennui, I am indeed at a loss to think how such persons can find time for

dulness. When that happy state was mine, with health, strength and unimpaired sight, the day was ever too short, and I bless my God with a thankful heart, now that those blessings are denied me, I have not yet thought the day too long, or confessed even to myself that I have found it dull.

But what is dulness? can I define it or give its lineage? Dulness surely is the daughter of Ignorance, nursed by Indolence, fed by Vanity, nourished by Discontent, schooled by Indulgence, haunted by Satiety, and, united to Luxury, becomes allied to Extravagance, and the parent of Vice; contemned by the scholar and shunned by the christian. But as I do not admit so objectionable a visiter under my roof, I will put on my bonnet and boldly meet her out of doors.

I won't pass the short way over the bank, the sand being so heavy that the effort it requires exhausts my strength before I catch a glimpse of the sea. The little lawn looks tempting—I will cross it and the bridge and go by the road to the principal opening to the sands, which the people here call the "starva!" What important event can

be about to take place? For I see the Preventive men busily occupied in cleaning and beautifying their watch-house; the bright blue of the interior is already completed, glowing in the full glare of nautical taste: one of its honest guardians is now giving the last snowy touch to the walls, another more adventurous has mounted the roof, and seated on his heels, is scrubbing away with all possible industry the dingy shade which time and accident have thrown over it, while the bright red tiles blush their gratitude to the painstaking tar. The revenue cutter is doubtless expected and these preparations are for the due reception of that important functionary, the captain of the coast-guard. Now they wheel out the mortar; the prevention of shipwreck, as well as smuggling, being provided for in this little armoury. I never see that ingenious, though simple, apparatus, without envying the feelings of Captain Manby, in the noble consciousness of having been, by this admirable invention, the means, under providence, of saving the lives of hundreds of his fellow-creatures. The ball is attached—the match applied—bomb and away, clearing the mark in the

centre of the boundary. It is always a pleasure to witness the ingenuity of man applied even to experiments, but when exercised for philanthropic purposes or for the preservation of life, proudly do we acknowledge that truly was man created in the image of his maker—for God is love!

The sand seems heavier than usual to day, I must rest awhile in the shed, "Ah! how do you do Mr. Sutton? this beautiful day I hope will bring you some company." "It would have done, madam, if time had been given, but it's all been got up in a hurry on purpose!" What the purpose was, deponent saith not, nor could I guess. Doubtless it was something that had very near affinity to the interests of the hoary Boniface, for his hair bristled up with more than its wonted tenacity, and it seemed that a darker shade came over the crimson of his cheek. The Sutton, it should be premised, is a sort of heir-loom of the place: the ancestral bones of three or four generations of the present and last scion of the vine-stock, repose in the village churchyard, probably all reared under the auspices of the "Jolly Bacchus," that ivy-crowned god being appropriately the

presiding deity that watches over the fates and fortunes of many a rustic delinquent here.

A quaint place is that village Auberge, rivalling Mont Blanc in the whiteness of its walls, and the far-famed Schiedam in the genuineness of its spirit. A worthy handmaid, too, of the grape-loving son of Semele is dame Sutton, as she froths up the brimming tankard, to the full heart's content of the thirsty applicant; enjoying also the character of being held in high repute for miles round, as a "very clever woman;" one who will courtesy to the 'squire, and flatter the son—broil for the epicure—brew soft silky punch for the bon-vivant, and spice for the wayfarer. In short, she is generally admitted to be a manager. And it is even bruited about sotto voce, that mine host himself, the fine hale, healthy veteran of seventy summers, and moreover her wedded lord, is not considered beyond the limits of her sovereignty. Be that as it may, it is a matter of pure conjugal interest, and a subject with which the public and I have nothing to do. One other morceau of scandal is, however, more loudly spoken of. Oh! when will that mischievous minx, scandal, I mean,

be banished from the great community? It is this—that as the world began to smile on the thriving hostess, she, somewhat uncourteously it must be allowed, began to frown on the world; and it is said, that only a few choice spirits now bask in the sunshine, that erst lent so powerful an aid in filling the coffers of this most zealous of Bacchantes.

"I am glad to recognize an old acquaintance; the shed is large enough for us both. Sit still, Roaby, and tell me if the cough is better, and how the good wife is, and the tame rabbits?"

"And sure, madam, you're very good to remember us at all; the old woman is pretty tolerable, considering her years and rheumatism, and as for my rabbits I have got this bundle of fresh grass as a treat for them, poor things! But my cough gets no better ma'am, and never will on this cold coast! It seems hard work, after a life spent in the service of my king and country, to have, at threescore years of age, with health and strength wasted by long hardships, to turn out in bitter nights, snowing and hailing like fury, and with a nor'easterly wind cutting in your teeth, and a cough shaking every muscle in

your frame! I would not complain of my superior officers, for they must know better how to manage things than a poor ignorant old man like me, and I dare say it is no easy matter to govern such a great country as this and please everybody! But after nearly half a century of buffetting against the elements, braving many climates, and I hope I may say without boasting, stoutly fighting the enemy, oh! madam, it is a sorrowful feeling for an old worn out sailor to be obliged to think after all that he has done little, not to have earned a quiet birth at the last!"

My heart ached while it responded to the old man's wailing, as I replied, "True, my good Roaby, life is indeed a 'vale of tears;' but though the reed is bent it shall not be broken, the Lord loveth whom he chasteneth, and they who sow in tears shall reap in joy."

"That, madam, is the anchor of my trust, without it I should have been shipwrecked long ago, it keeps me above board as I may say, and through God's blessing, will in the end, steer me safe into port!"

Thou art unlettered, Roaby, yet would I rather have thy humble faith, asking no question for conscience sake, than the scholastic dogmatism of the most argumentative divine!

At length I have overcome the heavy sand, and can enjoy a firm footing on this unrivalled shore—unrivalled in its visible extent, and in the hardness and the beauty of its sands: and there, spreading out before me in the full majesty of power, earth's twin sister—the boundless and unfathomable ocean. How almost incredible is it to behold and believe, that its base is of the same nature as the surface of the earth; that it has rocks, caverns, plains, springs and rivers; now instead of inhabiting an island, an isolated spot, to fancy oneself perched on the top of some mount Ida or Olympas, and worshipped by the finny tribe, as of a conclave of divinities; then to know that it rivals the air in its phosphorescent properties as well as in its fire-flies. And who can tell if the sea-nymphs don't, like the land-nymphs of the west, place them as gems in their hair, and amid the sylvan scenes of trees, bushes, plants and herbs, dance by their light to the piping shell, or illuminate with

them the silver caves and coral palaces of their unfathomable depths? Not the least peculiarity of the sea is the buoyancy of its water, said to be occasioned by its saltness; a pound of water containing two ounces of salt. In proof of this, the following extraordinary story has been related to me.

One boisterous day, in the month of November, a fisherman, named John Bell, mounted his horse, not a Bucephalus, but a steady useful steed, that had weathered many a rough wave, and did not shrink from his duty on this perilous day. Net in hand he sallied forth, but had not proceeded far on his amphibious course, before the already towering clouds gathered into momentous darkness; the wind raised its mighty voice, and the ocean responded to the call. Amidst this war of elements on rode the undaunted fisherman. Meanwhile, the danger of his position under the impending storm, brought many of the villagers on the beach, some from curiosity, and some from anxiety for his welfare. Earnestly did they watch the movements of the seafarer as he was borne along, sometimes on, and sometimes under the treacherous waves, further and further out

to sea, lessening gradually to the view, till a mere dark speck was alone visible. A moment it was gone —then re-appeared on the back of a monstrous wave, here an atom—there a nothing! The interest became intense, but no one dare venture to the rescue, and no boat in that little port could live in such a sea, though many was the prayer whispered from kind hearts among the spectators, for the safety of their neighbour. Hours passed by, that did but increase the anxiety. At length the tide began to rise, and the speck was hailed by the watchers as larger and more distinct; each roll of the disturbed waters now brought it nearer, and the grateful exclamation escaped, "thank God he is not lost!" The form became still more distinct—the features were recognized—one bound and back again —another and another furious wave threw from its ungracious grasp, the long watched object of so much anxiety, John Bell, the fisherman, alive certainly, but exhausted and almost insensible, having, by the buoyancy of the water, been borne for the space of two hours, astride a dead horse."

Another version of the story is, that the life-boat

was had recourse to, and reached the poor sufferer just as he was sinking, dragged down by the weight of the net, with his horse under the water, which had been long dead and floated side upwards, to which its rider shifted himself, and thus clung to life with the tenacity natural to man, for the space of two hours!

What a field to explore with the different grades of living things that move in its wonderful element, in number, rivalling the grains of sand on its beach, and variable as the leaves of the vegetable world, with its graceful nautilus, its magnificent amphitrite, its peacock-hued mouse. But it would be vain to particularize, for had I the pen of a Cuvier or a Lamarck, the limits of this little article would not allow me to follow the gradations from the kraken and the whale that sport among the icebergs of the north, to the vecchian mite, offered at the shrine of vanity, and the tiny self-immolating zoophite of the south seas, whose sepulchres are a formidable barrier, and, not unfrequently, prove a source of consternation to

* The above circumstance occurred only three years ago, on the coast of Theddlethorpe, in Lincolnshire, and can be corroborated by several eye witnesses.

the navigator, and even form islands large enough for the habitation of man. How wondrous, that a colony of insects, small as the eye can distinguish, should be the foundation of a colony of human beings, in whom their Creator has not only breathed the breath of life, but whom he has endowed with souls to be saved, through the atonement of his Son, and the grace of his Spirit!

Thou art indeed a glorious object! Oh! incomparable daughter of Chaos, equal in mystery, superior in all else. To thee pays tribute, every stream of this fair planet, from the sweet waters of the inundating Nile, to the measured trickling of the waning Ilissus—the far-famed and ever interesting Ilissus! To thy maternal care the Danube brings its gold, and the Genil its silver, the sacred Ganges its fruits in the votive offerings of piety, pure though mistaken, and the Euphrates its palms. Then from Britain's rebellious child, the west, comes the St. Laurence with his timber, and the opaque and turbid waters of the Missouri, with its rich alluvia and ashes of the burning Prairie. Where is the subject that pays thee not tribute, or the power that is not subservient to thine? Thou

enterest uninvited the secret recesses of the cave of Fingal, and washest the ruins of Tintagel; thou formest the roost of Sumburgh—watchest the cradle of Noss, and nursest the ox-eye off the cape. Thou blushest beneath the rose-hued mountains of the east, and turnest pale under the snow-clouds of the west. And, as the world is ever marrying and giving in marriage, so wert thou espoused to the city of islands, with its costly churches, its mosque-like St. Mark, adorned with the far travelled horses of bronze; its proud piazza, its stepless tower, its lofty lion, its trading Rialto, its glassy streets and its narrow pavè; with its Doges' palace shrouding the mock justice of its famed ubiquitous council of ten; its maddening dungeons, and its bridge of sighs, whose every stone seems to vibrate with the groans of its victims. That city, at whose altar was offered pride, power, wealth, beauty and death; in itself a republic, with its days of commerce, and its nights of crime. Vain boaster!—remembering its presumption, while acknowledging its punishment; well may we exclaim over the crumblings of Venice, how are the mighty fallen! Thou coolest the streaming lava of

Vesuvius, and warmest by the gulf-stream of Florida; thou carriest health to the pestilential Sierra Leone, as to the salubrious clime of Italy; thou dispersest invading armaments, bearest away the noble forest, (an evidence of which appears on this very spot at low water, in immense roots of solid oak embedded deep in the sand, and extending for some miles along the shore,) and sparest not the sanctuary of the dead; thou who dost mirror on thy breast, aërial palaces and groves, cradlest on thy buoyant bosom ships of Tarshish and the Isles—mighty men of war, and the great leviathan of steam, that boils and hisses, and leaves a blackened track, like some vile engine from the nether world! Even now, without the eye of a Schriften, I see one at the boundary of the horizon; nay, from some optical illusion or atmospheric influence, it seems borne at a distance above the sea, and goes foaming and tearing away on its darkened course, as if impelled by some unearthly power, or some demon of the fates. By thy aid, the enterprising Phœnician carried on his extensive commerce with the world, adorning many a distant monarch with his pre-

cious purple. Thou barest the Great Alexander and his modern self-styled "parallel" Bonaparte, to plant their laurels on the walls of Egypt, and, while yet the hero was written on the brow, hadst power to stamp coward on the heart; thou barest Cæsar to glory, and Pompey to death; Ulysses through the Syren's wiles, and the sage Nestor from the Ilion war; Telemachus from the fascinations of Calypso, and Æneas from the burning love of Dido. Thou didst witness the desolation of Marius, and the patriotism of Cimon; mingle with the tears of Themistocles, and receive in gore the head of the brave Cyrus; drink the conquering blood of an Abercrombie and a Nelson; and bear through storm and calm, through opposition, danger and difficulties, the undaunted Columbus, aiding him to place the inquisitorial standard on the shores of the western world. Oh! Britain, dim was thy foresight, and clouded was thy judgment, when thou, idly resting on thine oars, permittedst to be hailed, Ferdinand and Isabella joint sovereigns of the newly discovered continent.

As God maketh his sun to rise on the evil as on

the good; so dost thou, oh! Ocean, bear the wicked as well as the righteous to the accomplishment of his purposes, equally in safety and in victory—the daring pirate, who tears the husband from the wife—the child from the parent—and all from their country; the young to disgrace—the old to servitude, most to ignominy, and many to death! aiding him to carry on a traffic, which humanity recoils from, and christianity condemns; as the more acknowledged marauder, who invades the territories of his fellow, alike incurs the awful denunciation pronounced on him who shall remove his neighbour's land-mark. Yet dost thou sanctify thy waters by bearing the hallowed freight of the gospel, with its life-giving light to the darkened sons of earth, that a Paul might plant and an Apollos water the immortal seed, which can alone bear fruit acceptable to God. Favoured by him who holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand, thou hadst power to prevail; "the fountains of the great deep were broken up and the windows of heaven were opened;" not only every living thing upon the face of the earth, but the earth itself, "and all the high hills were

covered," all but one little vessel set apart for the Lord! Again, at the lifting up of the rod of Moses, thy waters divided and became a wall on the right hand and on the left, when the pastoral people of God with their loins girded and the staff in their hands, walked through on dry land, with their flocks and their herds and their much cattle: and when the divine symbol was once more stretched out, thou returnedst to thy strength; overwhelming the unrelenting taskmasters, their chariots and their horsemen in thy great abyss—those depths, where lay entombed in the body of a fish, breathing only through its vitality, Jonah, the unfaithful prophet, yet type of him promised to the erring mother of mankind, who should "bruise the serpent's head"—the mediator for man at the throne of mercy—the resurrection and the life! Surely it is good for me to be here, and no need to build an altar, for every wave is an altar, whose ceaseless roar to the end of time, laden with the christian's hopes and the light of faith, will ascend, like a sweet smelling savour, to the Lamb, who will present it pure to the Searcher of hearts!

I have passed many hours of peaceful happiness alone on this coast, and have never failed to find the sea, as a companion, harmonious and interesting—as a climate, salubrious and invigorating—as a friend, soothing, varied and instructive. Oh! that I may ever approach it with a mind capable of enjoying its glorious associations and perfections, content with the simple pleasures of its shores, and with wishes bounded by what is graciously vouchsafed by him, who doeth all things well!

In the storm I hail the power of the Word; in the calm I behold the Spirit of Peace. As the tides retire at the call, so every billow seems to bend in adoration of its Maker. In each and all I see the might, majesty and dominion of a God, present, visible, Omniscient!

[No imputation is intended by any remarks occurring in the above essay, to be thrown by any party, on the government, or other authorities connected with the management of the Preventive service. I have learnt that seamen who have been employed in this service upwards of ten years, are entitled to a superannuation pension, those under that time receive a gratuity varying according to circumstances. Any of the officers or crew who may be wounded in the discharge of their duty, receive a pension or gratuity according to the nature of their wounds, andt he families of any dying under similar circumstances are variously provided for.]

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

Oh! take me back to thy heart again,
That the wanderer ne'er may roam
Far from affection's love-lit smile,
Far from the joys of home.

From thence to roam no charms invited,
No star to point a brighter course;
But kindred ties that bore me hence,
With an untold yearning force.

Full many a year has onward rolled
O'er me and thee its chequered way,
Apart from the friends of other days,
Through winter's cloud—as summer's ray.

Still memory gilds the pictured past,
With a radiance not its own,
And happier hours will fade by those
That on Time's gay wing have flown.

Borne thus on hope, as in youth gone by,
I have sought my native bowers,
Fondly to cull from the cherished soil
Sweets from its fragrant flowers.

O'er hill and dale I've crossed to that spot
Where I drew my earliest breath;
I have been—I have sought, and have found
But the chill cold welcome of death!

Strangers, alas! dwell now in that home,
And wreathe round it many a flower,
Yet none blooms so fair or so sweet,
As those erst in my dear native bower.

Autumn's wild blast has swept o'er the scene,
And tinged, with her nut-brown dye,
Each leaf and blade in its vernal hue,
That droop at her withering sigh.

And o'er the tomb I have bent me low,
Like the lone willow weeping,
The hallowed dust of parents—brothers,
In tears of anguish steeping.

Sweet, yet melancholy pilgrimage!
From thee have I turned with pain;
But the smile and the voice of love beam forth,
And hushed is each sorrowing strain.

Take me then back to thy heart once more,
That the wanderer ne'er may roam,
And, pillowed there, may calmly await
The call to her last long home.

HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

Home of my childhood! how joyful and gay—
How clear was the morn, how bright was the day,
That beamed o'er my earliest life;
Smiles of affection encompassed me round,
And accents of love, in sweet thrilling sound,
Spake freedom from sorrow and strife.

Home of my childhood! thou temple of ease,
From life's busy storms, the haven of peace,
For such wert thou ever to me;
Man's bitter words, and the world's ready frown,
Empty ambition, and fleeting renown,
Alike passed unheeded with thee.

Home of my childhood! thou sunny green spot,
Within thy sweet bowers how blissful my lot—
Untroubled, unvexed with a care;
But transient, alas, that meteor bright
Shone brilliant awhile, then sank into night,
And left me the cypress to wear.

Home of my childhood! how changed art thou now;
How faded the joys that wofully bow
Beneath the stern hand of decay;
Sweet flowers that circled my earliest years,
Dissolving to sad and sorrowful tears,
Now float o'er my desolate way.

Home of my childhood! I bid thee adieu,
Where all once was dear, where friends were so true,
Thy portal I turn from in pain:
Where'er I may roam, where'er my steps bend,
No home to my heart such pleasures can lend
As thine I now mourn o'er in vain.

Home of my childhood! one rival thou hast
To compensate still for happiness past—
My heart to devotion inspire;
The "Star from the East" my pilot shall be,
To lead me to joys eternal and free—
The home of my future desire.

PRAYER.

Oh! listen, Thou, the Holy One!
While I, the lone and weary one,
To Thee, Eternal, pray;
Confess myself the sinful one
To Thee, the true forgiving One—
Oh! listen, while I pray.

Turn not thine ear, Thou Mighty One!
From me, the low repentant one,
While I in earnest pray;
Close not thine eye, Omniscient One!
But pitying see the unworthy one,
Who dares before Thee pray.

Hide not thy face, Thou Glorious One!
From me, the weak and mortal one;
Inspire my heart to pray.
Enlighten, Thou Celestial One!
Oh! 'lighten me, the darkened one—
Accept me when I pray.

Leave—leave me not, Parental One!
The child of wrath, the sinning one—
Reject me not, I pray.
Oh! pardon now the erring one,
Thou pure, divine, and perfect One,
Though guilty as I pray.

Thou great "I AM," Immortal One!
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
Oh! teach me e'er to pray.
Receive me through the Atoning One;
Make me, through Him, a chosen one;
Oh! bless me as I pray.

THE ABBEY GHOST.

"O what a loud and fearful shriek was there,
As though a thousand souls, one death groan poured."

S. T. Coleridge.

It was a cold winter's evening in the month of December, when the inmates of a small inn, situated in a retired part of the north of England, having duly seen all exterior duties performed, the various animals of the establishment suppered, and the doors of the many treasuries secured, had just assembled to enjoy the warmth of the interior, and revel undisturbed in the luxuries of the season. The fire threw out its cheering and exhilirating glare, lighting up the faces of the honest folk that reposed on the antiquated wooden benches in the chimney corner, basking, with no small satisfaction, in its soothing influence, unmindful of the world—themselves a world.

Short lived calm! the sound of horses' feet and a loud knocking at the door broke in upon and disturbed the sleep-wakers, announcing the arrival of a visiter. Immediately all were astir, the stable boy up in an instant, hastened to receive the steed, and the landlord to welcome its rider. After much unsatisfactory examination of the traveller, whose muffled, and it must be allowed, somewhat suspicious appearance, resisted all attempts to gratify curiosity; with some solemnity, coloured with as much dignity as the good Boniface could throw over his portly person, he preceded his guest into the kitchen, who walking up to the fire, took off his hat, and astonished the assembly by giving liberty to a profusion of naturally jet black hair, now glistening in a partial covering of hoar-frost. This singular appearance, added to the moustache à la militaire, and the dark hue of a complexion bronzed by a tropical sun, caused not a little consternation among the group; until the stranger, in a tone of calm authority, accustomed to command, begged the landlord would assist him in disencumbering himself of his cloak, and thus brought that worthy personage

to a sense of his position and his policy. Thus relieved, a fine stately person, and gentlemanly deportment, became perceptible to the dull eye of Giles Goodman, which turned a significant look on his better half, who rose with all the officiousness and tact with which the landlady is so familiar, apologized for the absence of fire in the parlour, made an immediate offer to light one, and showered many expressions of anxiety for the comfort and well being of the gentleman, on whose countenance she soon began to think was an expression and a shrewdness that betrayed old acquaintance. These civilities were however declined, as he preferred the full rich glow of the kitchen corner, to the unyielding fuel and the chill damp atmosphere of an uninhabited apartment. Placing himself therefore in the seat of honor, which means the landlord's own particular cherished nook, he in his turn displacing the good dame, a similar compliment passing on, even as far as the little fag-end;—the guest enquired, with some interest, how stood the larder of the "Abbey Arms?" for the cold christmas air had sharpened his appetite; what could he have to eat, and when? The cheering intelligence was forthwith

communicated, that a pig had just been slaughtered, and was even now rejoicing in its conservative brine. This circumstance was certainly open to objection, as the guest happened to be a whig; the difficulty however was overcome by learning that the sapient friend of both parties had benevolently produced a plentiful supply of ingredients for those mysterious amalgamations, which we call sausages. These, judiciously appointed by the thrifty housewife, now hung in the most inviting festoons around the kitchen, and were accordingly speedily appropriated to the use of the stranger, together with a few snowy eggs, choice delicacies in this ungenial weather.

The knight, for such he was, sat silently watching, with unconscious gaze, these preparations for his evening meal: the warmth had soothed his feelings, and memory was now busy in retracing images of the past, and dwelling in vague speculations on the uncertainties of the future. Roused at length by the savoury fumes that steamed and hissed over the fire, his attention was brought back and fixed on the perishable things of the present; and willingly did he lend his energies to their dismissal. Having

despatched, what epicures do not despise, and to the hungry are dainties, he called for a tankard of ale, true Christmas home-brewed ale, such as was wont to grace that board, sugared and spiced meet for the palate of a monk. After a time, thawing into cordiality of all the most really enjoyed by hearts warmed by long acquaintance or early associations, he invited the landlord to join him and drink to the toast of "Auld lang syne," its joys and its merriment. With hearty good will did the rubicund face of mine host respond to so pleasant an appeal, remarking in his turn, that he could not but think that the face of the gentleman was not quite strange to him.

"It must be greatly altered indeed if it be so," replied the knight, "for it has many a time hailed yours with all the delight of boyhood, coaxed you to let him mount the baron's old hunter, Firefly, and dragged you over copse and green, to some spot where he might, unquestioned and unmolested, discharge your fowling-piece, never certainly to the destruction of game, though often to your dismay, and the imminent peril of his own life."

"Surely then, you are Master Hubert, that daring mischievous young gentleman?"

"Too true Giles, and many a scrape and mischance have those propensities brought me into, I assure you: hardships and suffering of various kinds have been my lot in climate and military privations since those days—but here I am again, thank God! escaped from all, and not the worse for experience, returned to re-visit my old haunts, and I trust yet to die in old England."

"Amen," and a long pull at the tankard was the only reply. A short silence ensued, in which both seemed absorbed in painful reflection.

At length the knight with an effort said, "And now Giles, tell me all the news, and what the changes that have taken place since we last met, and above all, what of the Abbey? Strange rumours have reached me, but report is so deceitful a tell-tale, that I cannot believe all she says."

"Ah! Master Hubert, sad indeed are the changes there, it would make your heart ache to hear all that's happened since you used to frolic about that once happy place. The baron was always said to be

a little wildish, but as long as my lady lived, her gentleness and excellence kept him in check, as I may say; for you know, sir, vice somehow or other is always afraid of virtue—though I ought to ask his honor's pardon for speaking so harsh about him: for he was always a kind friend to me when he had the means; and God knows, if he wanted a bit of bread now, I would divide my own loaf freely with him. But truth is truth, Master Hubert, and I hope among friends may never be ashamed of itself: and she, sir, the dear good lady, was all truth, a friend to the fatherless, and visited the widow; it seemed that she was too good indeed for this world, for she has been dead these many years."

"She is then really dead?" said the knight, "but go on."

"Dead indeed, as every poor heart hereabouts, that has so often been cheered by her sweet voice, can too well testify, and all is silent now, that used to speak of comfort and consolation. She was buried in the family vault at the Abbey. The baron grieved sadly for my lady at first, for how could he help grieving for what all around him deplored!

He did not stay long in the country, but went to live in London, and there it is said he got into bad company, and spending his time among jockeys and gamblers, who, as might have been expected, very soon ruined him; and after cutting down all the old wood on the estate, and selling everything that he had the power of doing, except the furniture of a few rooms, he came down, and has ever since lived at the Abbey, avoiding all company, and seldom stirring out."

"And he is still living there in that melancholy condition? What a change from the cheerfulness and abundance of former days."

"It is indeed, sir, but this is not all, for" —approaching nearer to his companion and speaking in a low voice,—"strange noises are heard at nights —the servants are afraid to move along the passages, and nobody ever thinks of going near the old place after nightfall."

"What!" said the knight, with an incredulous smile, "do you mean to say, Giles, that the Abbey is haunted?"

"Why, sir," said Giles, somewhat checked by the

manner of his companion, "I cannot say much from my own experience, having never myself seen the ghost, but I will tell you what others have seen, and told me as facts not to be disputed. Every night since my lady died, there has been heard the most beautiful music, like angels' voices, proceeding from the Abbey chapel, which has never been used for service since that time, and is now quite desolate, and they say falling into decay; and while this music lasts, and at this time of the year, when the nights are dark and stormy, a brilliant and most unearthly light is seen streaming along from the ground close to the abbey walls. At midnight, too, a tall slight figure, apparently of a female, dressed all in white, and shining with unnatural brightness, is seen flitting about the house, sometimes close to the windows—sometimes at a distance—and what can this be if not a ghost? the spirit of the dear lady that cannot rest, while the home of her youth is crumbling into ruins! The music too—who is there, within those walls, happy enough to sing? And for the light, how can those in bed hours before, and at the top of the building, cause a blaze to come out of its very

foundations ?—or if so, what object could they have in so doing, for there's only just hands enough to supply the wants of the baron, and those chiefly old ones ? Oh ! no, sir," said honest Giles, shaking his head with much solemn sagacity, " depend upon it there is mystery hard to be understood ; but I say nothing and only thank God that I have a clear conscience, have not wasted my little inheritance, and never willingly or knowingly harmed anybody." He then treated his conscience for so rare an excellence by another sip of the spiced ale, and the pleasure of beholding his rosy face in the bottom of the tankard.

" Long may this enviable conviction be yours, my good friend, and all the attendant comforts of its consequences—but for the old Abbey—what you have told me is strange and mournful, though I cannot, like you, attribute the appearances and occurrences you name to any supernatural cause, or imagine for a moment that the delinquencies or neglects of any human being could be permitted to have power to disturb the repose of a pure and blessed spirit."

The guest then relapsed into a reverie from which

he was at length aroused by a stir, signifying preparations for the night's rest. The family accordingly retired, leaving him alone with his landlord, to whom he then said, "Your account of the Abbey and its once to me very dear inhabitants has given me more pain than I can well describe, and contrary, I dare say, to your expectations has rather increased than repressed my desire to visit it once again. I shall therefore write two or three lines to the baron telling him where I am and requesting permission to wait on him tomorrow, and I will thank you to send my note over to the Abbey early in the morning. If I have the opportunity I shall stay there for a few days, when I hope I shall be able to cheer the baron, and make acquaintance with his neighbours, the ghosts."

So saying, and with a smiling "good night," he left poor Giles looking the picture of consternation, and mournfully bewailing the rashness of inexperience and its inevitable consequences—ill-fortune and a too late repentance—but as it was of no avail helping him who would not help himself, Giles Goodman sought his pillow.

With the morning came various occupations, among them that of conveying the note to the Abbey; the reply to which is imagined to have been in the affirmative, as the knight, after strolling about the well-remembered country, giving to each nook and corner some interest as the scene of infantine mischief or boyish sport, Giles playing his accustomed part in the double capacity of attendant and playfellow, at length entered on the immediate path to his destination. Bereft as it was of wood, within which it was wont to shrink into very insignificance, the grey monastic pile soon became visible—the monument rather of the disgrace of its proprietor, than the representative of greatness or of power.

As he advanced, the scene appeared one of unmixed silence and desolation, unbroken but by the sound of his horse's feet and the faint echo that reverberated. No sign of life was visible—no human form presented itself to the view, and no verdant leaf welcomed him to the home of his boyhood; as he approached the door, however, bolts were heard writhing from their fastnesses, bars were

withdrawn and the old butler appeared, grey and venerable as his master, whose fortunes he had followed through weal and woe, and was now tottering with him along the same path to the tomb—by him the knight was led to the presence of the baron. The evening that began with a very unpromising aspect, embued as it was with many a mournful regret and pang of remorse, improved in cheerfulness as it advanced, enlivened by tales of foreign lands and strange adventures, with which the guest sought to amuse and interest his host; who after a brief allusion to his departed lady, seemed studiously to avoid speaking of his own position or affairs, and not till the former found himself alone in his bed-room did he permit himself to reflect on the objects around him, or to compare the present with the past. But now, as he drew the heavy oaken chair to the fire and the feeling of restraint was dissipated; he pondered long and deeply on the gloomy desolation in which all there seemed enveloped, shuddering even then with the chill that went to his very heart, as he traversed the long passages that led to his dormitory.

There, in that lonely chamber, with silence and ruin his only associates, and thoughts, busier than welcome, his companions, did the mysterious tales of Giles Goodman recur to his mind. At first he smiled at the fertility of an imagination that could picture, and the simplicity that could believe in, such absurdities; vainly endeavouring to account for appearances that had raised such phantoms, to the imminent peril of rustic sense and the felicity of nocturnal security. Gradually, however, the subject deepened into shade; the thing was strange, to say the least of it; and at length fairly settled into the gloom which pervaded the whole atmosphere. Though unwilling to confess it, even to himself, the knight, valiant as he was, quailed beneath the prospect of a supernatural visitation! He turned his head cautiously round and gathering courage from the assurance of perfect solitude, he made a tour of examination of his apartment, and, stirring up the fire, manfully resolved to go to bed. But not so easy was it to find, as to seek the capricious soother; and sleep would not now befriend the coaxing devotee, whose mind seemed provokingly to take

pleasure in dwelling on the most gloomy subjects and picturing phantoms in every flicker on the hearth. The dense crimson velvet that decorated the room, with its coat of time and neglect was dismal and cheerless; and the hearse-like plume he thought ever and anon bent as in sorrow for the past, or in ominous forebodings of the future. The dark oak of the doors with their deep impannellings, the ponderous chimney-piece with its cyclopian ornaments, became animated by the furtive eye of the gazer, while the figures on the tapestry assumed an appalling aspect to his perverted sense, wanderers in the subterranean dominions of Eblis—himself a Vathek. The wind, too, sent forth its dismal dirge, moaning in varied modulations around the shorn building.

At length his eye rested on a Grecian temple, one of the representations on the tapestried walls, the door of which he thought moved—the aperture became larger, when he, wide awake, distinctly saw a figure, tall and white, and bearing a lamp. It came slowly forward, closed the door and paused—then advanced to the fire, and passing on approached the

bed for an instant, then crossed the floor and noiselessly disappeared. Could this really be? Doubt and conjecture were unavailing; and after tossing much on his couch of unrest, exhausted he fell asleep.

The morning brought with it returning courage, many reflections, and much reasoning, followed by a determination that another similar scene should find him more self-possessed, and a resolution to accompany his fair visiter in her nocturnal ramble. The day he thought would never be over, so anxious was he to test his new-born courage. Impatiently did he go through the routine of the Abbey occupations and duties. Unable to exert himself for the amusement of the baron, he early in the evening feigned illness and begged permission to retire; and there once more in his solitary chamber, he gave full rein to his fancy, which played and pondered, wandered and explained, 'till the hour of midnight approached:

> The hour, 'tis said, when spirits walk the earth
> That cannot rest within the narrow home
> Death gives to finite man.

Fearing that his visiter should find him unprepared, he threw himself hastily on his bed and endeavoured to calm his mind for the undertaking that he contemplated. Unweariedly he listened, but caught no sound save the throbbings of his own heart, less valiant to meet an unarmed and harmless spectre than a sanguinary foe on the field of battle. But the door—the temple consecrated to Fear—behold its priestess! Gently as before did she step forth, lamp in hand—stay a moment at the fire—to the window—again softly cross the apartment and disappear. A breath, and the knight was up, quickly at the door, which he now readily discovered, and with some difficulty descended a flight of stairs, stumbling at almost every step, over the broken and crumbling way. The white figure, however, was still to be seen, apparently meeting with no obstacle, or overcoming readily every difficulty that might offer itself to impede her progress. On they went, reached the bottom and entered an open corridor, traversed one side, turned the corner; quick as a falcon darted the spectre, and entered a door, which brought them into the Abbey chapel.

A shudder here came across the knight, who crept into every shadow that presented itself, as his guide, with apparent awe and solemnity, softly glided through, and again began to descend steps. The knight was breathless, and feared that his chase would prove fruitless—but no, caution was shown again, and they proceeded slowly, though at a distance; the knight endeavouring to keep clear of the lamp, and they stood once more on a flat surface; but it was the floor of a vault. Here then, in the family burying place, did the warrior find himself closetted with his supernatural companion. Everything around him smelled damp and unearthly, and the chill of death seemed to curdle his very life-blood.

Fearing to lose the thread that might lead him out of this labyrinth, he did not venture to advance, but there at the entrance, quietly awaited the sequel; carefully and anxiously watching the movements of his guide, who appeared now to lose the dignity and self-possession that he thought had before characterized her. The small lamp she held but dimly lighted the sepulchral room, but the eye

that watched was a searching one, and, like most ghost seers, borrowed the wise bird's vision and lost nothing by the darkness. Near the top of the vault, and close under a large aperture, once guarded by an iron grating, but long since riven by the wind from its hold, stood a tomb, by its size and chaste beauty, apparently guarding the dust of some distinguished and revered person; at this tomb bent in humble but earnest adoration, the mysterious figure. After a while she arose from her knees, lighted seven candles and placed them on the tomb; when, with her arms folded on her breast and her head bowed, she chanted so mournful but sweet a dirge, as melted the heart with its melody, and made the listener involuntarily confess his humanity —for the warrior wept! Hush! a pause. Then taking the lamp, she slowly walked seven times round the tomb, when the wind suddenly arose and a rush burst through the aperture and extinguised the lights—a violent scream immediately followed, wild, and shrill as from a lost spirit—a crash—aud all was wrapt in the silence of death!

Of time the awe-struck spectator took no account,

till he found himself endeavouring to grope his way from thence, and to retrace the path by which he had come. With great difficulty, and many useless steps, he at length succeeded in reaching his own apartment, where the dying embers could but just point to the talisman, beneath whose influence rejoice alike the peasant and the prince! Excited and fatigued he resigned himself to the charm.

Day had scarcely pierced through the oriel light of his room, when his slumbers were disturbed by great noise and confusion in the house, and the sound of loud voices proceeding from the adjoining chamber. Curious to know the cause of so rare an occurrence in this dreary mansion, he rang his bell, when, to his horror, the same door in the tapestried temple again opened, and ushered in, not the white lady of the previous night, but the old butler, with an expression of surprise and alarm on his countenance. On enquiring what, if anything, was the matter;

"Oh! sir," said the old man, "poor Miss Blanche is gone."

"Gone! gone where? and who is Miss Blanche?" asked the knight.

"Have you forgotten Miss Blanche, sir, the little orphan Swiss girl, that my dear lady adopted, just before you went away, and treated quite as her daughter? She was a very delicate pretty young creature, and we were all very fond of her, my poor lady especially, who, on her death bed, entreated the baron, whatever might happen, to be always a parent to her. God only knows what strange things are to occur, but it seems to me that he had shown my good mistress, that the poor orphan would indeed want a friend when she was gone. And so it proved; for what with grieving for the loss of her benefactress and one thing or another, she lost her senses, poor thing! But I am standing here talking instead of trying to find her: yet where to look I don't know; for the housekeeper always sleeps in the room with her, but being rather deaf, she did not discover what had taken place till just now. Oh! sir, I wish we could find her before my master gets up. I think he would never forgive us, for not taking better care of her; for her very madness seems to have increased his anxiety about her, and made him think her almost a part of his lamented lady."

His auditor felt a glow of painful consciousness tinge his cheek, and struggling with his feelings, which revolted at again visiting the scene of the last night's adventure, he offered his assistance in the search, and requested the old man to accompany him; he led the way to the vault, and there, at the foot of the tomb—the tomb of her noble benefactress—lay extended the apparently lifeless form of the poor orphan Blanche! The knight's apartment, it seems, was the one occupied by her lost friend, and with the cunning of madness, when all was still, and the old housekeeper asleep, she had crept through the room, so long remembered and loved, and onward as she had often done before, to visit the tomb of all her hopes, her wishes and her senses—the rush of the wind, and the extinction of the lights, forced the last ray from the seat of consciousness!

Thus then was fathomed and explained, the mystery of the long feared, and much avoided

ABBEY GHOST.

THE NIGHT-WIND'S MONODY.

Suggested by hearing the wind whistle melodiously through Lincoln Cathedral.

When night her sable curtain draws
  Around the drowsy earth,
Enshrouding in that solemn pause,
  The whole creation's birth;
I love, by yon cathedral pile,
  To hear the low wind sigh,
And echo through the cloistered aisle,
  Æolian harmony!

Round every pinnacle and tower—
  Through every curve and line,
Glides on a gently breathing power,
  That seems inspired—divine!

Sweet music from a brighter sphere,
On ebon wing to fly—
Bedewing the enchanted ear
With liquid melody!

Soft dulcet notes that whisper peace
To the soul's longing rest;
Where troubles of the weary cease,
And all who seek are blest.
Anon, those thrilling accents change
To the low mournful cry,
That through the vast and vaulted range
Chants nature's lullaby!

List to the aërial song awhile—
Mark how each varied tone
Still quivers through the fretted pile,
So musical and lone!
And sure 'tis good to wander now
Where sounds so sweet are nigh,
And deeply quaff the copious flow
Of heavenly psalmody!

Not long those plaintive dove-notes course
Their way with gentle wail;
A loftier strain—a wilder force—
Soon swells the rushing gale:
And tuneful in its richness there,
The wingèd breeze sweeps by,
While silence lingers in despair—
Disputing sovereignty!

As beings of the world of light
Float in celestial bliss,—
So in a flood of pure delight,
May mortals joy in this;—
And while those sylph-strung lutes shall peal
O'er hill and tower and tree,
Sweetly will o'er remembrance steal
The Night-Wind's Monody!

THE FAERY SONG.

The sun has set and hushed the bee,
While dew the earth is veiling,
All nature shrouding silently,
Departed day bewailing!

It is the time, and 'tis the hour
For faery midnight revels,
The owlet's left her rural bower,
And on her night-course travels.

The gentle moon, the glittering stars,
Their lambent lustre shedding;
No earthly fears, no mortal cares,
Our joy, our mirth o'erspreading.

Then let us dance, and let us sing,
The mystic circle round,
And we will make the woodlands ring
And echo back the sound!

On mossy turf the glow-worms lie,
Their lurid light emitting,
Like fallen meteors from the sky,
O'er darkened verdure flitting!

Beneath the mushroom's shade we'll rest,
Our rural nectar sipping;
Ambrosia's sweets are ever best
From honied flowerets dripping!

Sable night with her starry train,
Fast from the earth's retreating;
With her we'll go, return again,
Day's obstacles defeating!

Away—away! Aurora comes
With smiles of daylight beaming;
Her golden zone the sun becomes,
Her gems, the dew-drops gleaming!

Then let us hence!—to mortals leave
All mundane cares and pleasures;
And we'll in other climes receive
Ethereal blissful treasures!

THE DYING YEAR.

Knell of the dying year
  Now rolleth by,
As a dark cloud winged with fear,
  Its requiem sigh.

Garb of the dying year,
  A snowy cloud,
Formed of the frozen tear;
  A funeral shroud.

Sweets do the dying year
  In flowers surround,
The brow of the lost one dear
  A circlet wound.

Dirge of the dying year,
  The wild winds' moan,
And to the heart's core bear
  Each murmuring tone.

Tomb of the dying year
Its depths unfold,
From earth a barrier rear,
Silent and cold.

Life of the passing year,
Spirit e'er nigh,
Breathes in the new-born year,
Never to die!

THE ROSE OF LES PENSEES.

"Give me the ways of wandering stars to know
The depths of heaven above and earth below."
VIRGIL, 2nd GEORGIC.

"To spoil the saffron flowers, to sip the blues
Of violets, wilding blooms, and willow dews."
VIRGIL, 4th GEORGIC.

"The laurel and the myrtle sweets agree,
And both in nosegays shall be bound for thee."
VIRGIL, 2nd PASTORAL.

RAMBLING one evening on the northern coast, when the sky was thickly studded with myriads of twinkling gems, the polar star shining among them with more than its wonted lustre:—"What interesting associations," I remarked to a friend who was enjoying with me the calm beauties of the scene, "what interesting associations does the beholding that pilot—that philanthropic star create in the contemplative mind! A ray from the bright halo that encircles the throne of heaven—a lamp hung in the firmament by the hand

of mercy; how many a wanderer it has steered aright, turned from an uncertain shore and unfriendly welcome to the smiling land of his fathers, to the arms of a beloved wife, or the lisped affection of a child; how often to solace the declining years of a parent, with open heart and hand to administer to his wants and to smooth the rugged path to the tomb, a lively monument of that blessed assurance 'the Lord careth for his people'."

"True," said my companion, "such a scene as the present is an untiring source of speculative interest, and the following your train of ideas brings to my recollection a tradition, popular in a part of the world I am familiar with, and which, if you please, I will relate."

"Pray do so by all means," I exclaimed, "for my love of the marvellous is insatiable, and legendary lore I prize as the phœnix flowers of antiquity."

In compliance with my desire, my friend accordingly related to me the following story.

"The simple inhabitants of the regions of Les Pensées, account for the use and beauty of that star in the following manner. Les Pensées, as you are

doubtless aware, are islands floating in the sweet waters of the Pacific; the poet's Arcadia, where rain is the liquid diamond, and snow the shreded pearl, where the rivers are of silver and the fruitage is of gold, bringing forth the honied hoya, and throwing over the green ice-plant its glittering veil. The shores of this fair country were destined to receive a maid more beautiful than the houris and gentler than the summer breeze. Born beneath the shades of Pierus, reared at the foot of Parnassus, and fed with the mellifluous dew of Hymettus; she rose like the treasured cedar. And, wreathing her brow with the myrtle, the olive and the bay, armed with the ægis of purity, where gleamed a 'heaven full of stars,' and bearing in her hand the silver strung lyre, Apolline left the solitude of Athenian bowers, and mounting the car of Anadyomene, drawn by the milk white swan, and piloted by the nautilus, was wafted by Zephyrs over the pellucid waters that mirrored their chaste freight with the azure of a cloudless sky.

Landing on the coast of 'Les Pensées,' sleep shed her poppy-dew over the senses of the maid, and re-

tiring to an alcove floored with the riches of Ophir, its walls studded with gems, and from its roof depending stalactites of purest crystal—the adopted daughter of Les Pensées sank to repose.

"The Prince of the Isles, (for Les Pensées had their prince,) was chosen for his superiority over his brother shepherds, for his majestic and noble bearing, the great vigor and purity of his flock, his eager and early detection of their enemy, and for his courage in staying the bold advances of the robber-bird, not less than for the manly beauty of his form, which was tall and finely proportioned. His raven hair, drooping in curls over his clear brown forehead, was rivalled only by the eagle power of his eye. Best skilled in all the accomplishments of his country, most graceful in his carriage, his step in the dance the most agile, the most harmonious as a lyrist, and melodious in song, he could pour the sweetest strains, cull the fairest flowers, and weave them in the prettiest wreath; in short, he was worthily the Prince of Shepherds. But for him throbbed many a heart with the tenderest feelings, his own was as yet a stranger to love.

" It happened that a lamb had strayed from the fold, and as he sought it through groves and thickets, he reached the alcove where, basking in the radiance of reflected rubies, lay the maid, her head leaning on one arm, the other resting on her lyre. Awhile he stood rivetted to the spot, fearing lest a breath should dissipate the illusion, for such he thought was the scene before him, a being so fair having never before crossed his path; rousing himself however, at length he turned and, plucking some roses, bound them around the lyre, placed one in his own breast, and softly withdrew. A faint shadow of what had occurred appeared to the sleeper, who dreamed that a snow-white lamb entered the alcove garlanded with roses, and on putting forth her arms to caress it, had vanished, leaving a part of the rosy garland on her lyre.

" A bevy of young shepherdesses, oppressed with the mid-day heat, sought to shelter and refresh themselves under the inviting shade of the alcove, and while they whispered their wonder at the beauty of the stranger, the object of their admiration awoke, and having gently solicited their companionship and

protection, was hailed as the favored of the graces and the rose of their isles. While yet the distant mountains were bordered with the departing glories of the day-god, and ere evening had thrown her grey mantle over the plain, some kind 'Colin' charmed the woods and streams with the melody of his 'oaten reed,' as the shepherd horde wiled away the sunset-hour in the mazes of the dance. Each sought his chosen partner, when one approached conspicuous for his height and beauty, over whose lofty brow floated the plume of the black heron, and, taking a rose from his bosom, laid it at the feet of Apolline. Blushingly she received the flower and placing it among its sister blossoms, twined by the hand of taste around her lyre, she joined with him in the dance: the graces lending ease to their steps, and the loves buoyancy to their hearts. The sweetest joys are the soonest gone—night sounded the tocsin,—the pipe was hung on the "sacred pine," and each retired to the shade of his own bower. Sleep however was far from the eyelids of the prince; in vain he looked around his palace grot where his weapon alone, bright with the pale odorous glow of

naphtha, was reflected in a thousand burning rays from the opal of its walls. There did he in vain seek for one glimpse of the mild radiance beaming in the eye of Apolline, and the blush of returning day was welcomed only as the harbinger of her coming.

"Time ripened their mutual affection and wore on with increased happiness to the lovers. The day was passed by the gentle Apolline in aiding the maidens in their pastoral duties, and, with the prince, threading the fragrant labyrinths of the orange and the citron groves, or seeking the refreshing coolness of the myrtle bower. With her lute and voice she would pour forth harmony, little less wonderful than strange, to one whose ears were accustomed only to the simple strains of his native isle. And oft would she steal from her hours of repose, to wander alone by the sea, to chant, to the ripple of the waters, songs of her native Greece, and bid them echo on the breezes of the Piræus, the felicity of her lot; would hail the coming of the queen of night with her attendant train of sparkling lights, and bend in thankfulness before the power of him who placed them in the firmament.

"Many were the breathings of her muse: two only have been preserved, not for their superiority, but for the interest attached to them as prophetic of the fate of herself and her lover. The hours seemed winged with silver as the maid wove her wreaths of poesy and song—beloved of each and loving all; blessing her island-plains, she thought them 'Elysian fields,' and hallowed the spot of her landing by offering there her morning orisons fresh from a heart, pure as the dew of Shiraz. One of her rambles on the sea-spangled shore gave rise to the following verses, to which her voice added a charm that made them dear to her lover, and her subsequent fate obtained for them a place in the recollections of the islanders. They were these:

"'I stood upon the sparkling sands,
As roared the heaving main,
Writhing beneath the fettered bands
Of its adamantine chain.

The pure cœrulean vault on high
Beamed forth in mild array,
Through the air-hung fleecy canopy
Of a clear bright summer's day.

Zephyrs soft on the waters strayed
The Nereides' smile to crave,
On the dancing foam the sunbeams played,
And wooed the crested wave.

The yellow shore stretched onward gay,
Washed by the boundless sea;
Unbroken far the prospect lay,
In the distance wild and free.

Till, resting on the curling lip,
Some dark specks floated nigh,
The ocean's briny dew to sip,
Sounding the sea birds' cry.

They spread the tiny wing and rose,
Fanning their joyous flight,
Where, ether-borne, the day beam glows
On their plumage of spotless white.

Assuming, as they mounted up,
A tinge of golden hue,
Perchance from Ceres' bounteous cup
Reflected rich and new.

On the aërial travellers past,
Like meteors through the gloom,
In various evolutions cast,
Begemming the azure dome.

And as they hovered in mid-air,
Twinkling in the sun afar,
The groupèd pleiades seemed there,
And each a sister-star.

Even Merope, the fallen one,
Beamed forth with lustre bright,
As by another nursling won
Her primal dower of light.

Or rather, that the light of heaven
Had kindled by its glance,
From earth the sweetest offering given,
'The tear of penitence*!'

While on the breeze ye fair things sail,
Many a heart may sigh
At the rush of the tempest wail—
Oh, list to the mariners' cry!

Not thus can ill portend to man—
Alone the dark lowering cloud
Of the storm, that the whirlwinds fan,
Should the doomed of the ocean shroud.

'T were sweeter far to picture ye
Some spirits of the blest,
The pleiad muses—pure and free,
Wending their way to rest.

* I have ventured to pilfer this little gem from the exhaustless mine of Mr. Moore.

That erst on Egypt's palace towers
Had hung the gifted lyre,
Then flew to the glad Elysian bowers,
Mingled with the chosen quire.

To be on high a lamp of light,
Were worth the poet's aim,
To lead the erring wanderer right,
Envied—enduring fame.

I would, when fades each flower of earth
To deck stern Hades' gloom,
While lives the soul in its purchased worth,
A Star might be my tomb!

" A union of delights were showered around her. Unruffled seemed the course of Appolline; the mimosa did her homage, the birds carolled her approach with their most thrilling notes, and the waters met her with their dancing lights; the spirit of the flowers wooed her, and decked her bowers with rainbow tints, and the verdure exhaled the choicest perfumes on the pressure of her faery foot; above all, she was blessed in the affection of him, who, uniting the courage of the lion with the softness

of the dove, had chosen her to be the rose of his destiny. While thus all things smiled, the lovers saw not the cloud that hovered over them, and as the time approached for their union, each mind was eager to devise, and each hand busy to execute, whatever might do honor to the auspicious event. The finest wool from the virgin flock was selected for the bridal robe; the bird gave forth its gayest plumage for her palanquin; and the cave its richest gems for her dower; one thing only was wanting—a nuptual gift worthy the prince's love and the charms of his betrothed. In vain did Appolline assure him, that she already possesed the most valued gift in his devotion—vain were her entreaties that he would not leave the island, and vainly did she murmur her forebodings of the dangers and the difficulties that awaited him. Soothing her anxieties and smiling at her fears, he bade her be assured that however his love might lead him among the 'pikes of danger,' and 'tumble him in the dust of labour,' her beautiful image would light him through all in safety to her feet. Saying this, he gaily stepped into his bark; and, as he glided over the now smooth

but delusive waters, she, with a heart stricken to its core, mournfully chanted this prophetic lay.

On the spot were last thou plantedst
Thy foot on quitting hence,
Will I raise the rueful cypress,
And round, a yew tree fence

Shall throw its dense and sombre shade,
To guard the sacred spot;
And watered with my sorrowing tears,
Shall mourn thy cruel lot.

From thee, the island rule hath passed
Since thou hast left its shore;
And the orange bloom shall fade and die
For on earth we meet no more!

Oh! then for e'er, love, fare thee well—
No rose for thee may blow,
But droop, beneath the bulbul's wing,
A monument of woe!

"And well did he deserve those tears; for he had gone to the garden of the Hesperides to gather a bud from the tree of life, to place in the bridal zone of his mistress. Hour after hour flitted by, and the

bark returned not, nor did a speck disturb the monotony of the vast expanse of sea—poor Apolline! once the highly favored, now the most wretched of maidens! At length the day, which should have laughed in the gleeful chorus of the epithalamium, was ushered in by the cries of lamentation and of woe—for the feathered songster had mourned his message from the land of spirits—the light of Les Pensées was extinguished—the prince was no more! The vulture screamed his death knell—the demon of the tempest roared his requiem, and the night-mist folded him in its shroud! There, in her gorgeous bower, sat the widowed Apolline, heedless of the lamentations of her friends, and almost of her own sorrow! The nymphs hung out the mourning boughs—the 'shepherds forgot their sheep,' and the thirsty cattle forsook the tempting stream. The young asserted that she had eaten of the honey that dims the eye of reason, but the old said that her heart was broken. Avoiding communion with all, she lived apart from the world; none intruding on her solitude, for they respected her grief, and well nigh worshipped her as an idol. On the highest

point of the island she made her a garden, and planted it with the rose, the myrtle, and the apple; over the rose she threw the ragged fillet of the fates, and around them all she wreathed cypress, with the olive and the laurel; the foliage of a lofty palm which stood in the midst, became her nightly canopy, and its fruit her daily food. She passed her days in the alcove where she first became identified with the rose, and weary with her sorrows, in mournfully wandering on the sea-shore, listening with melancholy pleasure to the wind making sweet music, as with low wailing it whistled through each cave and crevice of the rocky coast. But soon as night came on, the stricken maid arose, and, with the nightingale in her bosom, which her grief had tamed, hied her to the topmost mound, where on the palm boughs, through sleet and storm, she nightly hung her watch-lamp, while the bird, nestling among the branches, warbled its clear shrill song to the rush of the ocean-wave.

"Thus the once blooming Apolline, the loveliest rose of 'Les Pensées,' like the lily withered in an ungenial clime, was now the drooping flower her own

thoughts had pictured. Those who knew her not thought her attenuated form some restless spirit from another world, who nightly came to trim the lamp on the tall palm boughs; but others there were, who had known her in her days of happiness, who had joined with her in the evening dance, had sat with her in the orange grove,

> Had often pleased 'that sylvan scene to take
> Where whistling winds uncertain shadows make,
> Or . . . . . to the cooler cave succeed,
> Whose mouth the curling vines have overspread.'

"There have they hung entranced by her melody, when even the very birds paused to catch the echo of her song;—they who remembered the blight that had staid the warm current of her affections, and in whom the chill air of adversity had not riven the cords of friendship; and these were they who now watched with a solicitude unknown to its object, her listless step and languid movements, as she toiled up the steep ascent to her leafy bower, never per-

mitting themselves to sleep till they had seen the beacon glimmer on the height.

"One night, clear as the heavens, where sat enthroned the full-orbed moon, radiant in the calm dignity of conscious power, the tall palm stood out from the horizon, a mass of dense and unbroken darkness. The summit of the hill was eagerly attained—where all was silent as the tomb —the maid was no where to be found—the lamp lay unlighted on the earth, and the bird sat aloft mute and with folded wings. One put forth her hand to give it her protection—it was cold—the rose had departed, and the nightingale was dead!

"And what the fate of Apolline? some old superannuated shepherds whispered it as their conviction, that she had fallen from the precipice and was drowned—some said she had drunk of the lake of liquid stars, and become a floating light—but the popular belief is, that agreeably to her wish, the rose of 'Les Pensées' now shines forth with added lustre as the Polar-star!"

Having thanked my friend for his fanciful story and wished him good night, I retired to dream of

the Heron-crested and his beatified rose of 'Les Pensées.'

It was not until some time after this article was written that I discovered I had been anticipated in the idea of translating a being of earth to serve as a light to future ages in the form of a star. I find that the Indian "Dhruva, son of Uttanapa-da, like Enos of scripture, was commended for his extraordinary piety, and the salutary precepts he gave to mankind. He did not taste death, but was translated to heaven. where he shines in the polar-star."—Asiatic Researches, vol. v. page 241.

THE QUEEN'S BRIDAL-SONG.

Hail! bride of the braided brow!
A votary thou
To the nuptial vow,
At the altar's pale thou kneelest now!

Hail! bride of the sceptred might!
Thy diadem bright,
To nations a light
Resplendent as meteors of night!

Hail! bride of the regal brow!
Thy circlet of snow
Sweets o'er thee shall throw,
More chaste than thy crown's jewelled glow!

Hail! bride of the blushing rose!
Nor thistle e'er lose
Nor shamrock e'er choose
But round thee their triune band close.

Hail! bride of the floral wreath!
All thorns I would sheathe,
Lest thy brow they enwreathe,
While o'er thee a blessing I breathe!

MAY DAY.

Welcome sweet May! to the sorrowing earth,
Drooping and chilled by winter's wild blast;
Joyful to all is the hour of the birth,
Chasing each cloud our clime had o'ercast.

Welcome sweet May! in sunny smiles drest,
Clad in thy robe of emerald green,
Diamond dew-drops hanging at rest,
Brightly begem thy pathway serene.

Welcome sweet May! thy choral bands sing,
Carolling high thy praises afar;
Melody's strains triumphantly bring,
Heralding forth thy glee-laden car!

Welcome sweet May! chaste youth bear thy train,
Hail thy approach with mirth and with song:
Echo responds o'er city and plain,
Crouds to thy fête in happiness throng.

Welcome sweet May! with cultured parterre,
Wreathing rare blossoms of various hue;
Hawthorn and lily more rustic may share
Honors, exotics alone never knew.

Welcome sweet May! with village pole reared,
Roses and pinks and woodbine entwine;
Garden and grove are remorselessly cleared,—
Decking the scene peculiarly thine.

Welcome sweet May! thy odorous bowers
Fragrantly tempt the revel and dance;
Garlands are woven with fresh blooming flowers,
Blushing beneath each rapturous glance.

Welcome sweet May! behold your fair Queen,
Buoyant in spirit, as lovely in face,
Tripping untaught so light o'er the green,
Surpassing all maids in beauty and grace.

Farewell sweet May! thy festal hour wanes,
Emblem of man's brief mortal career,
Transiently thus he gloriously reigns,
A moment he's gone—his place is not here.

Like thee, sweet May! earth sees him no more,
Till called by a voice all powerful—Divine!
Blest may he rise his God to adore,
In regions of bliss far brighter than thine,
Sweet May!

THE HERO'S WREATH

As presented to his Grace the Duke of Wellington, K.G., &c.,
on the anniversary of his Grace's birthday May 1, 1842,

Rise blithesome May from your dewy couch,
And welcome the time-prized hour,
That the Ocean's Queen a hero gave
To deck her oaken bower—
With trophies from the bannered host
Of many a distant land,
Who mercy stamped with the conquering sword
On many a foreign strand!
Arise and bring, from your varied haunts,
Beauties so rich and gay,
As may tell of the pride and love you bear
For the warrior's natal day!

Bring flowers to 'circle your hero's brow,
The brow of the brave and true,
From lands he has free'd from the alien's grasp
Beneath which they withering grew.

Where the "City of Palaces" glows
In a sun-bright eastern sky,
And the fire-fly gleams with its dancing light,
As it flits on the Zephyr's sigh;
From mangoe groves and the banian shade,
Bring sweets of the Indian shore,
In the glittering veil of its autumn dew,
As with gems bespangled o'er;
Where sleepily waves the poppy white,
Under the azure blue,
While there floats aloft the flexile wing
Of nature's most gorgeous hue.

Bear of the vine from Iberian heights,
Moist with the tears of morn,
Shed o'er the bier of the vanquished brave,
Who the despot's badge had worn;
And bring from its odorous citron vales
That, warm in the sunny sheen,

Blush with the blood of their children slain,
Dyed by that carnage scene;
Cull of the bloom of Acacian boughs,
Of Hesperian eglantine,
Whose chastened tints amid fragrance blow,
With the fruitful olive twine.

From the fair Lusitanian plain,
With the star-lit emerald bower,
Pluck enamelling blossoms that breathe
And perfume the pastoral hour—
From the mountains that bathe in the dew,
Where entombed lies the silvery ore,
Which the shield and the sceptre adorned
Of the Roman, the Christian and Moor;
Where the golden alluvia floats,
Coursing its glistening way,
And the Ulysses*-born capital towers,
Concentring each flickering ray.

Haste, haste for the queen of fair flowers,
Which long has so royally graced

* The Portuguese affirm that Lisbon was founded by Ulysses.

The tiara of gay "La belle France,"
On the brow of its famed monarch placed;
Gather from far the Provençal rose,
Reared by the Troubadour's love,
Fresh from the streams of the lyre and song,
Fond hearts of the fair to move!
From the bowers of poesy bring
The golden-eyed Marguerite,
For beauty by chivalry worn,
Their "mot" the bride "Marguerite!"

With the violet* perfume the whole,
Memorial of by-gone power,
That, rashly torn from its rural home,
Was raised, in an evil hour,
To the tottering height of imperial might,
The watch-word's charm to be,
Cheering the brave, through fields of blood,
To a hard-earned Victory!
Usurper, flower, have passed away,
Scorched by ambition's fire:

* As the eagle was the standard, so the violet was the emblem of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Now kindred dust is their mutual tomb—
Memory their funeral pyre!

See Britain all proudly reposing,
Secure in her sceptred sway,
While the sun of Juverna* beams o'er her,
Coursing his glorious way,
Beneath whose effulgence erewhile
The Tiger of Mysore quailed,
And fell in ferocity drenched,
By the gore of the war-dust veiled†;
As the towering eagle that soared
O'er a long-sought vassal world,
Blinded by pride and that meteor light,
From his aërial height was hurled!

Of Albion's flowers that flourish
So calm in his effluent beams,
From the garden and grove bear the blossoms,
With which it luxuriantly teems,

* Ireland was by the ancients sometimes called "Juverna."

† After the battle of Seringapatam much difficulty was experienced in recognizing the body of the sanguinary Tippoo Saib so disfigured was it by the revolting accompaniments of war.

Laburnum's clusters of pendant gold,
The hawthorn and hare-bell blue;
With crimson heath and silver broom;
And the sapphire speedwell true,
Bind with the leaves of Attica's clime,
Wreathed erst for the hero's boon,
A native now of our verdant isle,
In the grace of her regal noon*!

Thy task now filfilled, O "Ariel" May!
Who his birth-couch once didst bare,
When larks sung reveillie—nightingales lullaby—
Proud of their nursling care.
To Fame give the garland thou'st woven,
Then away—as the air thou art free!
That immersed in the famed eastern fountain,
Immortal it be!
Yet withal how unworthy a wreath,
For him who earth's glories has won;
While the hearts of his country—the voice of the brave—
Pray long may live WELLINGTON!

* The "Alexandrine victory laurel," which grows abundantly in Greece is said to be that used in crowning the heroes of old after a victory.

TIME—A FRAGMENT.

— The tide of time rolls heedless, swift and strong,
Nor stops at aught its rapid course along,
Unlike the tide of ocean's briny deep
Whose ebb and flow diurnal motion keep,
No ebb is known by that relentless power
That makes the bravest shrink, the boldest cower.
O'er mountains wild and sheltered valleys deep—
O'er alpine heights its ruthless wave can sweep,
The forest oak though long defying stands,
The pride and strength of Britain's envied lands,
O'erpowered at last beneath his sovereign sway,
With the frail flower, ephemeral gem of day,
Alike absorbed in that charybdis whirl,
To depths unseen the countless atoms hurl!
No age—or strength—or beauteous glow of health—
No gorgeous state—magnificence or wealth,

Nor man, most perfect of creation's works,
Nor other form in which the life-spark lurks,
Can stem the torrent in its ceaseless flow,
Nor of tomorrow, till tomorrow know!

THE FLITTING FLOWER.

POET.

Oh! where dost thou flee, sweet gem of the hour,
With petals expanded, thou fairy flower;
Born of the orient ray:
Pearls for thy pendants, with tendrils so true,
By gossamer veiled, and blushing in dew
Yet drooping, thou witherest away?

THE FLOWER.

Though bright be the course, and joyous the hour
Of the brilliant, the gay, the ephemeral flower,
Nature's just laws I obey:
When day mourns in gloom and soft zephyrs sigh,
On Time's airy wings I mount up on high,
And float on my glorious way.

A VILLAGE SCENE.

In Ashby's cheerful village street,
A humble dwelling stood,
Where lived a widow poor and neat,
Contented, pious, good!

But sickness came, unwelcome guest,
To poverty's abode.
I saw her near her final rest,
As I her threshold trode.

I entered that small cottage room,
I blessed its inmates poor,
I prayed the dark cloud's hovering gloom
Might gently pass its door.

I soft approached the lowly bed,
And stood transfixed beside:
An instant gazed, then turned my head
A starting tear to hide.

For on that humble pallet lay
The widow, waning fast,
Whose flickering spirit day by day
Told each might be her last.

And near the bed a figure tall,
Besmeared with soot and smoke,
Whose upturned sleeves, complexion, all
A blacksmith's trade bespoke.

But I could see, through that dark hue
Which veiled the outward man,
Affection, filial, ardent, true,
That death but served to fan.

The casket rough, unpolished, coarse,
A priceless gem contained,
A heart that felt and prized the source
From which he life had gained.

That manly form blushed not to watch,
In sorrowing anxious care,
With woman's tenderness to catch
Each word of want or prayer.

His breakfast lay untasted by,
While he, with spoon in hand,
The dying mother urged to try
And taste, in accents bland.

Ye rich in earth's best gifts awake!
Nor scorn this humble scene:
The duteous son's example take,
And be what he has been!

THE SABBATH.

How sweet returns the day of sacred rest
To mortals, wearied with the toils and strife
This chequered world presents to even the best,
Who thread the labyrinthine maze of life.
'Mid busy haunts of men and bustling crowd,
All eager searching after wealth or mirth,
Thou, Sabbath, risest like a pillared cloud,
To lead us o'er the untrodden wilds of earth;
A beacon pure, celestial, brightly calm,
The wanderer luring to the "paths of peace,"
With holy thoughts man's sinning heart to warm,
And light him to the promised land of ease;
Hail! holy-day! earth's charms succmub to thine,
Formed by the hand and blest by voice Divine!

TO THE ASCETIC.

You tell me I'm sportive and airy,
A butterfly, thoughtless and gay,
Elastic and light as a fairy,
That whirls in the moon's silver ray!

You say that I bask in the sunshine
Of morn's golden springtide of life,
And vainly attempt to illumine
The darkness with which it is rife.

You say that my summer is waning,
The bloom of my youthfulness past,
That the world my soul is enchaining,
The bliss of hereafter to blast!

You tell me all this—but how falsely,
Beholding the surface alone;
You see not the spirit within me,
High, holy, and pure as your own!

Oh say not celestial pleasures
Are closed from the cheerful and gay,
Since fondly I've sought for the treasures
Of eternity's glorious day!

And though I have sported in pastime,
And joyed in the sweets of each flower,
The sole wish of my heart is the clime
Of the heavenly amaranth bower!

HARVEST.

Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave to Him,
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.

THOMPSON.

AUGUST has breathed her last sigh on the autumnal
brow of September,
Leaving him executor of her wealth in the fruits of
her sunny toil:
And earth, the garden of nature, has spread forth
her enamelled robe,
Inviting the ephemera, who live on her bounty,
To cull sweets from the flower, bloom from the fruit,
and grain for the garner.
Thou fly! that flittest in the exotic atmosphere of
fashion,
Feeding on the vain gawds of many coloured dyes,

That scroll so sweet to the taste, but so bitter to the heart,
Rise from thy bed of down, not more plastic than the sense
Which so readily receives each impress of the passing metal—
Taking no heed of the ore, whether it be the spurious or the pure:
Descend from thy chamber redolent with odours of the perfumed east—
Quit for a while the evening scene of amusement,
The heated rooms, glowing in the borrowed radiance of artificial light,
Whose countless mirrors reflect all but the inmost workings of the mind and heart
Of him, who worships at its brittle shrine.
Close thine ear to the syren voice of flattery—
Thine eye to the smile of unmeaning profession:
And come with me, for I will show thee the substance,
Whose shadow thou seest but now, as in a glass darkly.

While yet the grey shade of night lingers as a veil
over the coming day,
And the vaporous fall-cloud rests upon the verdant
plain,
The corn, bending over its fragile stem, invites the
labours of the husbandman;
Who, laden with scythe and wallet, willingly answers
to the call,
Cheered on his path by the blithe carol of the lark,
As mounting her aërial car, she chants her matin
hymn on high,
Pouring forth her melodious orisons to God, invisible
and great!
A faint glimmer in the east—and behold the golden
eye beams o'er the cheek of earth,
That, radiant in new-born loveliness, blushes beneath
its ardent gaze.
See'st thou the insect weaving the wreathed mist?
Mark how she threads the netted gossamer,
And say, oh man! art thou better than this frail
aëronaut—
Hast caught no unwary one in thy tangled meshes?
Inhale the fresh breezes of the virgin morn,

And take to thee new life, for the old is a canker-worm.

Sweet to the pure in heart is the first dawn of day,
And welcome to the rustic, the first glimpse of the golden grain :
He stretches forth the athletic sinew and grasps with firmness the ready sickle—
Graceful and laden with its plenteous store, it droops and falls :
Trained to the gentle task, the urchin of a dozen moons, binds up the scattered sweets ;
And behold the sheaves of plenty bedeck the gifted earth :
Plenty, that as a wholesome wine, gladdens the heart of man.

Be thoughtful, oh man ! in thy joy, for thou art highly favored of thy God.
The ingrate is as a slime-covered stagnant water,
Fed by pellucid streamlets from the fountain of eternal life,

Returning nought but a humid and a noxious vapour—
A barren rock where not even a lichen dieth
To form a soil that may nourish the immortal seed.

Come! ye sylvan daughters of the household of poverty,
Stoop, and ye shall be filled, for the earth is rich and fruitful,
Abundance opens her bounteous hand and blesses the poor and the needy,
As Ruth in the fields of Boaz, so shall the righteous be fed through all time.
Waste not the sunny hour, for want perchance cometh with the eve.
Time is a chequered path of flowers and thorns:
The lily is chaste, but it falls—the rose blooms, but it withers—
The deathless amaranth alone fades not in its circumscribed round!

The dew is on the earth, and the leaves repose in the tranquil air,

Haste and gather in the groaning sheaves, lest the
darkness overtake thee;
And the showers of heaven stay the laggard hand—
And repentance, like the cloak, cometh too late—
Weak mortal! depend not thou, on thy human
energies.

Behold the silvery orb expands her welcome light,
And hails thee with her chaste refulgent beams.
Man talketh of himself, who is a shadow—and
keepeth silence of his God who created it—
Of Him who is the substance—the essence—and
the life:
But call thou upon Him, for He turns the wheel of
destiny—
And thou art blessed by the ruling sovereign of
the skies:
And know that poverty is the blight and the famine
of sloth,
While plenty is the golden Harvest of Industry.

AUTUMN.

Behold ! a form with changeful pace,
Inviting air, and winning grace—
See ! borne on Zephyr's ether-wings,
She cooling odours round her flings ;
At sight of her the golden god,
Who late the thirsty earth has trod,
Withdraws his fierce and fiery beams,
Subdued in milder glances gleams ;
In calmer, purer, radiance glowing,
And chastened brilliance round her throwing.
His genial warmth her path prepared,
And with her nature's beauties shared—
Has strewn her way with choicest flowers,
And gaily decked her blooming bowers :
Fragile leaves from the mother stem,
Flora's pride and diadem,
Has blighted with his scorching ray,
Like the greensward by midnight fay,

As elfine legends please to tell
Of many a woodland glade and dell;
But all unlike that magic ring
Is Phœbus' influence withering,
Who blights but to restore again,
And, from the ashes of the slain,
As did the fabled bird of yore
From its own dust triumphant soar,
So back the vital sap returns,
And with renewèd spirit burns;
Exulting in its pride expands,
And stretching far its swathing bands,
The rich and luscious fruit appears,
Which well the care-worn traveller cheers.

The traveller o'er the chequered way
Of Time's long tried eventful day,
Hails thy approach with pleasure true,
Thou maid of many a varied hue!
In sweets were lulled thy infant hours,
As washed in dew-drops sparkling showers,
Fed with ambrosial gifts of earth,
All nature smiling at thy birth,

As if to welcome here below
Man's surest friend and chase his foe,
That secret lurks—a poisoned barb,
'Neath pleasure's all-alluring garb.
—When bliss is greatest and life is dearest,
Hope then is least and danger nearest!
Thus gladness flows in sunny streams,
And all with rich luxuriance teems.
But—clouds o'ercast thy brilliant course,
Then bursting, whelm thee with their force,
Chasing thy beauties as they fly,
First tinging with vermillion die,
'Till thou sweet Autumn once so fair
With all thy fruits and blossoms rare,
Dost silent rest in spectral gloom—
In calmness wait thy final doom!
Thus mutable is man's career
In this brief sublunary sphere—
His morning dawns in gladsome light,
And all around is beaming bright,
Still, as life's wheel keeps turning on,
With every round a link is gone

Of pleasure's golden dream-like chain,
Which never can unite again.
When whistling winds, that stealthy creep,
Increase in vigour till they sweep
The verdure from his manhood's brow,
And fairest front in furrows plough:
As the proud sylvan lordlings stand,
Marked by the skilful woodman's hand,
So death has set his seal on thee,
Frail shoot of poor humanity!
  See'st thou the season born in bloom,
Descending gently to the tomb?
In watching her thus droop and die
Learn, learn, oh man! humility;
Confess that thou no power hast
Thyself to save, but fearless cast
The burden of thy sins alone
On him—the pure—atoning One!
And though the hoary frost of years
Bedew thy form with suffering tears—
Though dire infirmities may bow
And check thy life-blood in its flow—

Chilled by the icy hand of death,
The vital stream—the struggling breath
Succumb to that permitted power,
Crushing the earth-born fleeting flower,
Permitted but to burst the shell
And free the prisoner from his cell,
Returning to its kindred dust
All but the inward, hopeful trust,
The germ—the sap—the undying part—
Pierced not the chilling wintry dart
That holy seed of countless worth,
Planted within thee at thy birth!—
Oh! tender well the treasure rare,
And nourish with untiring care,
Let it with living waters be
Fitted for immortality!
That garnered with the chosen wheat,
A voice divine may welcome greet,
Bidding thee to the supper come
In the bridegroom's blissful home:
Unknown how soon thy summons there,
The wedding garment quick prepare,

Steeped in the mediating flood
Of the spotless Jesu's blood;
Thus robed, thou'lt pass the ghastly gate—
In Hades' calm, resigned await—
And when, at last, the trump shall sound,
From out their funeral bed
To call the sleeping dead,
Mayst thou among the blest be found!

ON THE AUSPICIOUS BIRTH OF A PRINCESS

TO THE ROYAL HOUSE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Rise high, ye haughty billows, rise
  High on your Ocean-bed,
As o'er each rival element
  Now towers your foaming head.

Bring gems from out your priceless depths,
  From many a silver cave,
To deck the gifted Faery Land
  Your crested waters lave.

Yet, while ye roll a ceaseless watch
  Around your favoured Isle,
On this, the day of Jubilee,
  Oh, calmly, gently smile

A welcome to the Infant Bud,
Born of the Royal Rose:
See! cradled in that nautilus* shell—
A Star of Brunswick glows!

Oh! shadow forth in peaceful rest,
Without one rippling sigh,
And mirror on your waveless deep,
Her future destiny!

Thou! England's hope, and Britain's pride,
Babe of our Island Home!
Though planted in a northern clime,
Warm wishes bid thee bloom.

Long round thy Royal Parents' hearts
May firm thy tendrils wind,
And Hearts of Oak, and a Nation's Prayers
The three together bind!

* The cot for the royal infant is said to be in the form of a nautilus shell.

THE ROBIN.

" Unbounded freedom is a morning dream,
That flits aërial from the cheated eye."

THOMPSON.

ONE morning, at the commencement of the late storm, I amused myself by quietly observing the snow in its still and graceful course, its fleecy flakes jostling one another in their confused haste to reach their destination, aud spreading over the earth a robe of spotless purity. The low plants became soon covered, and the shrubs a shapeless mass; while nature seemed to rest a calm spectator of the scene—silence watching as she slept. Not a breath of air stirred the leafless boughs that bent beneath their chaste burthen. Horses plodded noiselessly along, and the untiring wheel revolved as on a bed of down. Sheep huddled together had sought shel-

ter under some inviting hedge. Not a bird seemed on the wing. Man crept to the domestic hearth; and I thanked God, that I too had a resting-place, had not only the where to lay my head but was surrounded with innumerable comforts. I stirred up my fire, and while the blaze rose in gladsome brightness, infusing warmth into my frame; my gratitude was called forth with ten-fold earnestness to him, who had provided me with all, and had even exceeded my unworthiness by his unbounded munificence.

The room in which I was sitting opened by a glass door into a conservatory, at that time almost darkened by a quantity of snow, that had accumulated on its roof. I thought certainly I heard a noise—a rustling among the leaves—what could it be? A pause, and all was still: then a busy flitting about; it could not be a cat, for the outer door had been blocked up with snow for some days, and there was no other ingress.

I then opened the window and stole forth on tip-toe in search of the intruder. For some time I sought in vain—behind the flues, under the stand,

and between the plants. At length, in a shaded nook I saw something red peeping through the drooping leaves of an agapanthus, and anon I discovered the offender to be a robin, puffing himself out to his utmost ability, and with ruffled feathers panting with his late exertion, or more probably with fear lest a greater evil should befal him.

After a further search, I found a small hole in the roof, occasioned doubtless by the pressure of snow; through this must the little robin have made his way to the shelter of the green spot.

It is the opinion of some, I know, that the rich, the powerful and the happy possess the hardest hearts, that the luxury with which they are themselves surrounded renders them not only ignorant, but unmindful, of the wants of their less favoured fellow-creatures. Of the justness of this remark I am more than sceptical, judging of the feelings of others by my own, which I have ever found more alive to sympathy with the needy, and leaning with more kindliness towards the suffering, in proportion to my own personal enjoyment at the moment; and never do I feel so great a disposition to feed the

hungry, as when I am indulging my own appetite with delicate viands and see a brother have need; and never am I so ready to clothe the naked, as when my own frame is enveloped in choice productions of the loom, and some ragged outcast is the passer by; and never does my heart yearn so deeply to sprinkle the sinner with the waters of life, as when I am myself bathing in its life-giving stream.

And I was rich, was powerful, was happy when compared with this little timid creature, whose necessities had driven him to my protection, and willingly would I have fondled and tended him with careful watchfulness, until the green herb appeared and the feathered tribe were again on the wing. But no, my little visiter fled me as I approached, and recommenced his wanderings and buffettings against the unyielding glass, forcing on me the conviction that I had more thought for him than he had for himself. And yet, notwithstanding his evident disinclination to make my acquaintance, or to meet my friendly advances; I tried to sooth him with gentleness, offering as a bribe, a plentiful supply of

bread-crumbs and corn. Obstinate robin! he was the most untameable of his sex, and struggled vehemently, but in vain, to make his exit. The snow still fell fast, and I kept my captive in his self-sought prison-house. The day closed in, and his flutterings were hushed.

The following morning brought better weather, the snow had ceased. Robin was an early mover, and again, to the imminent danger of sundry flower-pots and fragile stems, performing his circumvolutions, impatient to rejoin his companions. Finding all my endeavours to sooth him were unavailing, and hoping that he would find a resting-place more to his taste, I had the snow swept away and the door opened, offering what was quickly accepted—the delights of liberty to the captive of a day! Restored to his native element, the robin ceased to be an object of especial interest, and I resumed my accustomed occupations. The wind rose towards evening and it proved a very stormy night, while we, a happy little family group, drawing our chairs in a circle chatted carelessly around a blazing christmas fire, unconscious of the suffering even within our very

shadows. Many noises were afloat, which we attributed to the wind forcing the masses of snow from the roof of the conservatory, but nothing occurred sufficiently striking to arouse our attention from the spot we were occupying, and we retired to rest. On rising the following morning, I perceived that a great quantity of snow had fallen during the night, and desired the servant to sweep away what had been drifted round the house. He presently came in and told me that he had just found the little robin lying close to the door of the conservatory—quite dead!

Poor foolish little bird! why couldest thou not have rested in thy pretty shelter? I would have been a gentle mistress to thee, but thou preferredst liberty and hast found to thy cost but an ephemeral and dubious joy. The wide range of liberty for which thou pantedst has been to thee a waste of desolation—yea, a phantom which has led thee to the great gulf of destruction. The little heart, that so late fluttered in all the joyousness of life, has now ceased to throb; and those buoyant wings that beat but yesterday with such vehemence against the glass

now droop in the listlessness of death. Pretty bird I would that thou hadst lived and been my pet. Yet, why was it that he should have again sought the shelter from which he had with such glee escaped only a few hours before? The wind arose and the storm beat, and he could find "no rest for the sole of his foot," so he returned to seek safety from the fury of the elements within my frail city of refuge. And now when it was too late, the man told me that when he went on the previous night to close the gates, he saw the poor bird flitting about, flapping the glass with his wings, and vainly endeavouring by every means he could devise to effect an entrance. But it was willed, and his hour was come, for we know that without Him not a sparrow falleth to the ground; and being unable to awaken me to a knowledge of his necessities he breathed away his little life on my very threshold!

This incident, trifling as it may appear to others, made a mournful impression on my mind, and in the tenderness of my concern for the feathered songster I condemned myself for not having checked his waywardness, and saved him against his will. I

call upon thee, my son, to ponder over this little affecting incident, and, as I have done, take the moral it affords to thy edification. Launched on the current of life, think not to find the waters unruffled; the elements of evil never cease from troubling till the weary are at rest. Yet is there a safe harbour for the voyager, a green spot in the floods—an oasis in the desert. Seek thou the ark of the covenant—the shadow of the Most High—the bosom of thy Lord. Then may the tempest rage in vain, for thy tenement is built on the "Rock of Ages." But fly from the shelter of religion—follow the ignis fatuus of liberty and self-will, and thou art but as a grain of sand, which the ocean of time shall sweep from the earth, leaving behind no trace of thy visionary course. Repentance too may even come too late: the dying thief on the cross was pardoned it is true at the eleventh hour—but ages have rolled bysince those days of darkness and of crime. Indulge no vain hope that a miracle will now be worked for thee. Man must not only repent and believe, but must show his "Faith by his Works!" Born within the pale of christianity, blessed with a con-

stitution that gives liberty to all but evil-doers, there is no hope for the wilful transgressor of this legitimate boundary. The balance of justice is held by an unerring hand, and the chaff will be as surely committed to undying flames, as that the pure grain will be placed in the treasury of heaven! Be thou that treasured grain—that cherished bird, basking in the sunshine of holiness and safe in the promise of an unchanging protector. Idle not away the time, for every hour of which thou art accountable; nor indulge in the wayward caprices of youth and inexperience. Turn not insensibly from proffered kindness, but be rather mild and docile, nor flutter thy restless wings against the power that would sustain thee. Then, courted and beloved on earth, and as a dove with its plumage dyed in the gorgeous hues of the glowing east, that is covered with silver wings and her feathers like gold, shalt thou be a meet inhabitant of the paradise of God!

THE CHRISTIAN'S CONVICTION.

The young, the old, the wise and fair
Alike the cross of Christ must bear,
Nor doubt that his redeeming blood,
That expiating, saving flood
Of mercy, has full power to save
And all the ills of life can brave;
That the bright spirit of the dove,
E'er beaming light and life and love,
Has power to purify and lead
The yearning soul in its utmost need,
To him who sits enthroned on high,
Who was and is eternally,
Mysterious—uncreated king—
To whom the choir angelic sing,
In hallelujahs, voices raise;
Celestial harps resound the praise
Countless hosts and saintly throng,
Echo back the glorious song,

Ecstatic bliss, thus soaring high,
Heaven thrills at its own melody!
Thou must do this, oh! man, or know,
For thee no streams of mercy flow,
For thee no hope beyond the grave,
No brightness but the lurid wave,
That glows but to encompass thee
In endless, direful agony!
Behold the varied paths of life,
Of weal and woe, of hope and strife.
Let not the broad and easy way
E'er tempt thy wandering steps astray,
Nor think that pleasure's witchery holds
Gold, unalloyed, beneath her folds:
What now thou see'st is not the spring
For which thou plumest thy hopeful wing,
'Tis but the mirage of the east,
On which thy soul essays to feast,
Nor after many a weary toil
Will e'er the phantom cease to foil,
Till on the quenchless desert thou
Deceived, ingulfed, shalt helpless bow!
Fear not, with weak and timorous dread,
The straight and narrow path to tread;

Though thorns and briars strew the way,
No gentle zephyrs round thee play;
Though lightnings dart with vivid flash,
And rolling thunders fearful crash;
Though warring elements of earth
May strangle courage in its birth;
Yet fear thee not, though distant far,
The glorious, brilliant morning star,
Will light thee o'er the stormy deep—
Will guide thee o'er the rugged steep—
Will sure the troubled waters smooth,
And e'er the way-worn traveller sooth;—
And, when the cares of life are o'er,
Will guide thee safely to the shore,
To join the heavenly choral band
In the far and the better land;
Where joy is an eternal round—
And piety eternal crowned—
Where all is happiness and love
In the rubied realms above—
Where sits enthroned, his bright abode,
The Great, Immortal Triune God!

THE FUNERAL BELL.

Heard ye the tones so mournfully clear
Borne by the winds, with many a tear,
The sound of the funeral knell?
Bidding frail man to think while 'tis time,
Lest the morrow for him bear the chime
Of the sad—the sonorous bell.

Saw ye the mourner's sorrowful eye
Steal o'er the dead with many a sigh,
Unheeding the funeral knell;
With heart-stricken grief, bend o'er the bier,
Where lay her hopes of happiness here,
Now deaf to the sonorous bell?

Heard ye the orphan's pitiful shriek
Rending the air—affliction's outbreak,
At the chime of the funeral knell?

Parent and friend beneath the cold sod,
The power unknown of the "chastening rod,"
He moans with the sonorous bell.

Saw ye the priest, in holiness clad,
Slowly advancing, solemnly sad,
As sounded the funeral knell?
Servant of him who wept o'er the dead,
Like his master a tear then he shed,
And mute was the sonorous bell.

Heard ye the accents breathed on the ear,
Accents of hope, of mercy and fear,
When hushed was the funeral knell?
Oh! in spirit and heart let us pray,
That we welcome in faith the last day,
When for us tolls the sonorous bell!

ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF MRS. L—.

SHE 's gone—the faithful wife, the cherished friend,
In many a chequered year of weal and woe,
Who through each fitful change content would lend
Her power to sooth in sympathetic flow.

She's gone—who honored well a mother's name,
Devoted to her children's early years;
Who budding gradual to a riper claim,
Increased her joys, increased her hopes and fears.

She 's gone—whose winning manners all hearts won,
And, moulded with benignity and grace,
Whose every word was charity's own tone,
And every look benevolence might trace.

She 's gone—whose merry laugh rang cheerily,
And gladdened every spirit by its joy;
With whom no lingering time hung wearily—
No wish the bright illusion to destroy.

She 's gone—her laugh subsided to a smile—
That smile assumed the ghastliness of death,
And, after faintly fluttering awhile,
Ebbed away gently with the vital breath.

She 's gone—and the inevitable doom
Of all that live, however loved and dear,
Has swept her to the insatiable tomb,
And left to child and husband but a tear!

OLD MARTHA.

"Our pathway leads but to a precipice;
And all must follow, fearful as it is!
From the first step 'tis known; but, no delay!
On, 'tis decreed. We tremble and obey."

ROGERS.

HARK! 'tis the passing bell! another spirit hath shuffled off its mortal coil—hath quitted its earthly tenement, and entered the boundless fields of eternity. Mysterious separation! toll—toll—how solemnly does the deep measured knell fall on the unexpectant ear! Whether in the haunts of dissipation, the luxurious abode of the wealthy, to the pampered ear of the worldling or the tuned attention of the christian; to all, its brazen tongue tells of dissolution!—impartial unsparing dissolution! I have heard some say, why continue so melancholy a custom? which is but a remnant of superstition, and can be of no avail to the dead, while to the

living it is an occasion of mourning and of woe, making the bereaved heart bleed afresh, and casting an unnecessary cloud over the sunshine of existence. Call it superstition if thou wilt, oh, thoughtless and inconsiderate youth! thy very words tend to prove its utility. It is a usage of antiquity and was named the "passing bell," or "soul bell," from the circumstance of its being tolled or rung while the spirit was in the act of passing from time into eternity—the separating of the soul from the body. It had a twofold object;—to rouse the survivor from a lethargic and self-complacent security to think of his own frail tenure, and also to invite his prayers for blessings on the soul's rest of the dying—to whose wandering sense we may well imagine the solemn dirge would appear fraught with harmony beyond itself, and bearing on its measured intonations the hopes of a brighter sphere; while the lengthened pause which elapsed between each successive sound, would seem, by its loud and laboured efforts to bespeak a sympathy with the breath, struggling to be free. Surely there is something very beautiful in the answer to this call—the

instantly ceasing from all occupation, and laying aside each selfish gratification, to retire into the sacred closet, to shut its door on the busy world and then, from the inmost recesses of the philanthropic heart, pour forth the pure frankincense of prayer to the Father who seeth in secret, that he would shed the rays of divine mercy, and, sanctifying the hovering spirit, graciously receive it into blessedness. Then the heaving bell is hushed, and all is still; and while the appalling silence creeps over the vital frame, as if the very pulse of nature had ceased to beat, who so insensible as not to feel that awful death-pause?

The present custom of using the bell, apparently only as a vehicle of information to the neighbourhood that one of its members has gone to his rest, and no longer calling on the living to intercede at the mercy-seat for the happy passage of a departed brother to the world of spirits, leaves still one most important and imperative duty, concentrating as it were the whole force of its solemn vibrations on each individual heart among the survivors—the sure herald of the doom that awaits all, indiscriminately, in their pilgrimage through life—the lot of huma-

nity common to all, as the punishment of original sin. But "as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive;"—blessed promise of an omniscient and beneficent Creator!

It is hardly too much to say of him who is unmindful, if such an one there be, of the warning notes of the passing bell, that death has already laid on him his iron hand—that although his senses may exist in the artificial atmosphere of worldly pursuits, or of idle indifference—the ear that is deaf to the voice of the church, to the warnings of religion, must shelter a heart dead to its influence—dead to the hopes and the fears of immortality!

Hark to the sweet whisperings of the Prince of Peace as he mourned, in his prophetic spirit, over the erring daughter of Zion, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold your house is left unto you desolate."

How can we justly hope that they who will not hear should understand? The wise son of David

says, "Hear thou, my son and be wise, and guide thine heart in the way." What way? the straight and narrow path—the way that leadeth to eternal life.

List then, young christian, to the heaving knell—the warning note, and let it sink deep into thy heart, sweeping from it the dregs of sin, and garnishing it with the light of faith and the sun of righteousness.

But whose death is the bell now announcing? A sheep from the village flock—an humble widow borne down by the weight of age and infirmities. More than fourscore years had circled her frail tenure, and latterly her life had been indeed but labour and sorrow. Old Martha was, what her poor neighbours called a "harmless old woman," implying that she was no busy body—no meddler in the affairs of others—no brawler in the streets—no grumbler at her poverty—no complainer of the smallness of her parish pittance—no ungracious fault-finder at the treatment of its appointed distributor. Martha was a stayer at home, neat and quiet in her habits, gentle to her equals, respectful in her behaviour towards her superiors and grateful for every little kindness and attention to her wants;—but the

secret of all this was, that old Martha was a christian —a humble and sincere christian.

The sound of that bell, which now wings her soul to eternity, as it bore its part in the Sabbath chime, never found her deaf to its call. It was too welcome a summons for old Martha to loiter on her way. Her simple toilet was soon made, and early prepared she would stand awhile on her cottage threshold, for she lived within the very shadow of the church, and in her red cloak, her time-dyed little black bonnet, and her clean checked apron, she would carefully lock her door and, depositing the key in her somewhat capacious pocket, would totter over the churchyard path and join with the wise, the wealthy and the poor in devout aspirations to her God and their God. She was wise unto salvation, was rich in faith though poor in spirit, and drank into her thirsting soul those words of sweet promise, given by the tongue of truth "Blessed are the poor in spirit for their's is the kingdom of heaven." "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled."

Never was Old Martha absent from the Lord's

table when the divine feast was spread, nor failed the widow's mite to be cast into the little treasury, with a heart overflowing with thankful piety. Oft in her later days, when increasing infirmities rendered her weak and easily fatigued with the lengthened service, I have observed some neighbour, who had braved with more impunity the rough winds of time and poverty, step forward and lend her aid to the weaker vessel. Indeed, the cheerfulness and self-sacrifice with which they are ever ready to aid one another in sickness or in want, is a most estimable trait in the character of the poorer members of our community, which I have never seen deviated from during the many years my lot has been cast among a rural population. With a gentleness and attention that would have done honor to higher breeding, this poor sister of charity would safely conduct the widow to her cottage—who then rousing the mouldering embers on her hearth, would patiently await the coming of a nice plate of some little delicacy, which each succeeding sabbath brought from the more abundant table of her pastor. Indeed, his greatest pleasure was ever to administer to the wants

of the fatherless, and the widow, to give to him that needed; yet, while he gave of the food that perisheth, failed not to season it with the salt of christian exhortation, and to nourish it with the waters of life, trusting to the great master of the vineyard graciously to give the increase.

Thus time flew on, sweeping away gradually each obstacle to the tomb; but Old Martha was not destined to glide into her last resting-place without added suffering—some dregs of humanity still lingered in that simple heart, the silver had to be yet further refined to fit it for celestial currency. A dangerous illness confined her to her bed for many weeks, when a partial recovery attended with accumulated infirmities compelled the parish authorities to provide for her another home, but the difficulty was great to find one that would ensure her comfort and attention in her helplessness. One was at last selected, and with many a regretful sigh, she was borne from the humble roof that had sheltered her widowhood in peace and contentment, and consigned to the cold welcome of a stranger.

It may be naturally asked had this poor widow

no friend, no child to watch the decline of her respected age? It must be recollected that she was not among those, the rich, who have many friends; poor Martha, however, had a son, who with his young wife she had harboured for the first years of their marriage, and, sharing with them the comforts of her lowly dwelling, had overtasked her waning powers in nursing their children. After awhile their family increased beyond the possibility of her cottage accommodations, and they parted, and now in the hour of her need he offered her no home—and he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow! There is that implanted in the heart of man which makes it thrill with anguish to see a parent deserted by a child. But I judge not, there is One that judgeth. The Lord knoweth the heart.

Months wore away and with them lingered old Martha, and, as each fillet snapt of her thread of life, her subdued spirit became chastened and purified for her great change. The person with whom she lived was very neat and orderly, and tended her with much kindness, but she had the misfortune not only to possess a very bad temper, but what was far

more reprehensible, she exercised no control over it; and though her meek and helpless inmate never roused her ire, she was a solitary exception—everybody in turn felt the weight of her thundering denunciations, and the ear, accustomed only to the peace of her quiet cot, was now daily made to throb under the volubility of her irascible companion.

A light at length burst through this gloomy atmosphere, for a distant relative of poor Martha, actuated by compassion, or perhaps by a still better motive, requested that she might be removed to her care; and well and kindly has been discharged the self-imposed duty. In that retreat it was, far from the bustle of an uncongenial world that this humble christian calmly awaited the approach of death, not to her the king of terrors, but the harbinger of eternity; to her faith and hope, the pilot of "that peace which passeth all understanding." Scarcely a year has past and old Martha is now called to her rest, and we trust that "delivered from the burden of the flesh," she may, through Christ, inherit "joy and felicity" hereafter.

Seldom does a sheep depart from our village fold

fraught with so just a hope and expectation of happiness. Oh! when we listen to those funeral tones, let us pause in our career of trifling and of sin, let us search into the depths of our hearts and inquire of ourselves, if we also be as well prepared for the awful summons as was our departed sister—if we could, without a sigh, relinquish our claim on the endearments of social felicity, and above all if we now possess a conscience void of offence both towards God and towards man.

Happy indeed is the state of him, whose heart responds to the answering conviction of its purity!

This bell, to the man of pleasure tells of the flitting things of time, the passing of worldly sweets, and shows to his averted eye, that the apple he has so long cherished has but dust for its core. To the ear of the man of God, it is as a voice from the dead urging him not to be weary of well-doing, but that mounting step by step on the ladder of mortality he should, with a firm heart and a right mind, attain to the celestial goal. To all it is the proclamation of an approaching change, inevitable, certain; a blow not to be parried, of a doom that awaits each and all

of the inhabitants of earth—for God is no respecter of persons—and what is man that he should have respect unto him, whose worthless casket is of the earth, earthy, though the incased gem is a living spirit!

Hail then, thou solemn herald of the tomb! apprizer of the transitoriness of life!—in warning the sinner from the error of his ways, thou biddest him retire to his closet—to pray to the Father who seeth in secret—to commune with his own heart and to be still! "Lord teach us so to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

THE LOST BABE.

"Not lost but gone before."

"Death hath come up amongst my little flock,
And taken one."

HERAUD.

BUD of the poet's bower
Chilled in its bloom,
Born in a wintry hour
To deck the tomb;
Too fragile for the earth's wild blast,
On the summer gale of heaven 'tis cast.

Its odours yet unknown
To mortals here,
To the parent stem alone
Vouchsafed to bear
Till now, its petals wide expand,
Fearless and free, in the better land.

Germ of immortal seed!
Transplanted thou
To the unfading vernal mead,
Secure dost blow,
All radiant in the genial sky,
With Him who rules eternity.

Blest spirit! whose swift flight
The heart's-core grieves,
Yet on the sombre night
One bright star leaves
In hope, though by the earth-foe riven,
The poet-stem may re-unite in heaven!

A CHILD'S SLAVE SONG.

Why have you sold me
From mother so dear?
Why have you sold me
The white man to fear?

Why have you sold me
To slavery's thong?
Why have you sold me?
I ne'er did you wrong!

Why have you sold me,
My senses to shake?
Why have you sold me,
My young heart to break?

Why have you sold me,
So far from my home?
Why have you sold me,
With strangers to roam?

Why have you sold me?
My heart tells me why:
Why have you sold me?
You know I must die!

Why have you sold me?
My life-blood ebbs fast!
Oh! why have you sold me?
My pangs are now past!

PENSEZ A MOI.

When the rose-bud peeps from its mossy veil,
And the blushing petals the day-dawn hail,
Its beauty to perfect, that I 've watched for thee,
To place in thy bosom for sanctity,
Pensez à moi.

When the joyous note of the wood-bird thrills,
Who the echoing glade with its music fills,
As each guardian mate in the feathered train
Melodious joins in the choral strain,
Pensez à moi.

When the burning glow of the noon-tide sun
Tells the trembling flower that its course is run—
Like the race of that flower my life may be
Scorched in the bloom of maturity,
Pensez à moi.

When roseate rays light the earth-born bower,
And the calm repose of the sunset hour
Bid voiceless thoughts from the heart-cells bring
Incense to bear on seraphic wing,
Pensez à moi.

When the love-glance beams in each gleeful eye,
And the smiles of affection dance buoyant by,
Those silvery chords that, unbound for me,
Left me free to welcome eternity,
Pensez à moi.

When the village chime on the still air floats,
And lulls thee to peace with its solemn notes,
In answering the call to the summons where
Together we've bent in the suppliant prayer,
Pensez à moi.

When wanders thy heart to the spirit land—
Thy banner unfurled on its glorious strand—
When ethereal fire to thy soul shall send
Its quivering bliss—then oh! then, sweet friend,
Pensez à moi.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

> " All tasks are o'er:
> The Watchers languish in their guardian tents;
> Nature's heart pauseth, in whose pulse we live;
> And Man doth slumber with the Elements."
>
> HERAUD'S DESCENT.

In the dark watches of the silent night,
When every sound is hushed and nature sleeps;
Not the last sleep that dims the joyous sight,
And chilly o'er the crumbling earth-worm creeps,
But in that gentle renovating rest,
Which fits each object of creation's love,
To rise with ardour and with increased zest,
To act the part assigned him from above:
—In those still hours, when all abroad seems peace,
And every eye fast steeped in soft repose,
When in forgetfulness the mind has ease
In the calm quiet that around it flows,

Oft have I pictured to my wakeful eye,
Brooding beneath that dim nocturnal shroud,
The sufferer's moan—the culprit's fitful cry
Of long suppressed, despairing agony,
Loud calling on the lowering power-hung cloud,
To fall and sweep from off this verdant earth
The self-doomed votary of a vicious world,
Who scorned the promise of a Saviour's birth,
By vengeance now to his own idol hurled!
Then, when the soul is fast receding,
In the eleventh hour of that departing day,
Comes, clad in robes of mercy, speeding,
The Sun of Righteousness with pardoning ray;
To show the scoffer hope beyond the grave,
Bidding him bathe his crimson sins through faith
In his pure spotless blood, who died to save;
Then, white as snow, await the approach of death.
The widow next, her mournful vigils keeping,
I see, with all the vividness of truth,
In fulness of maternal anguish weeping,
O'er the lone bier where rests her son's fair youth,
Whose early bud of promise long had given,
To the o'ercharged depths of woman's kindling heart,

An earnest of the full-blown fruit of heaven,
Urging her meek to bear her part,
As o'er the arid wilderness below,
For one brief fleeting moment—untold space,
She fearless treads the dull wide waste of woe,
And earns through Christ her meed of pardoning grace.

While the dull glimmer of my night-lamp waning
Repose invites from speculating care,
The low soft music of my sweet one's plaining,
As if the dreams of infancy might share
The wandering thoughts that pierce the darkling hour,
Mild murmurings breathe athwart the echoing gloom;
The spotless brow of that young slumbering flower,
Of earth and heaven, seems mingling for the tomb.
Of such, oh ! be the languid form of age,
Whose silvery locks, adown the furrowed cheek,
Of many a winter tells on Time's long page,
Vie with the rolling tears that, coursing, seek
Peace for the spirit, wending on its way,
Through the dense meshes of the tangled pass,
Repentance for its guide, while voices pray

From hidden springs, that 'mid the long dank grass
Gurgled unseen, now laboring to be free
From chains, by demons forged of the fire-bound
king,
The broad way's sovereign lord;—whose arts fail
hopelessly,
When the soft dulcet tones of seraphs sing,
Who tend the narrow gate, and joyful now
The flickering life-spark from the fiend-grasp bear,
That with rich hope and in reflected glow,
Puts off earth's dross, celestial robes to wear.
While visioning these varied scenes—a light
Shed its sweet influence o'er renewèd earth:
So may to me, great God, a gleam more bright
Heavenward arise as incense of new birth!

THE FRIENDLESS DEAD.

"Brother! not for thee
Shall the sound of weeping be:
* * * *
He that blessed thine infant head,
Fills a distant greensward bed;
She that heard thy lisping prayer,
Slumbers low beside him there;
They that earliest with thee played,
Rest beneath their own oak shade,
Far, far hence!"

MRS. HEMANS.

IT was on one of those cheerless days just preceding christmas, in which the rich man, folding around him his ample purple, bids the winds blow and the storms beat, while he, unconscious of the suffering and misery without, establishes himself with careless ease in his cushioned chair, and conning over the newsy columns of his daily paper, contracts, for a season, his little world within the book-covered walls of his luxurious study:—One of those days

in which the busy boy gathers up his instruments of summer warfare; his bows, his arrows, his fishing-tackle, being all promiscuously stowed in some safe receptacle, there quietly to abide, chrysalis like, until the vivifying influence of a spring sun, shall once more bring them into action; while the dormant skate is eagerly sought, and with a gleeful anticipation borne off in triumph by the mischief-loving urchin, who, creeping stealthily from the paternal roof, sallies forth in quest of some field worthy his adventurous spirit:—One of those days when even before the first glimmering of light, the cottager rises from his humble couch, and rapidly swallowing his scanty and hard-earned meal, draws his hat over his weather-beaten face; when, laden with his implements of toil, he braves the bitter blast, warmed by contentment, and, with a spirit bowed to his allotted state, wends his slow and measured way to his wonted labour:—It was on one of those chill sunless days, when the very verdure is crisped by the pinching frost, leaving no pliant blade to tell of nutritious vegetation, that in a populous and pretty village in one of the midland counties, my eye

rested on its interesting church-yard—in no barren solitary waste—no gloomy isolated spot, where the melancholy cypress, or the sombre yew throws its dense shadow over many a rustic sod, excluding every ray of light, and seeming alone to bid us "sow in tears."

The scene before me was far different. In the centre of that cheerful village, a few feet above the surrounding level, and, basking in the radiance of its ivy-mantled temple of God, arose this last home of many a mouldering form, arresting the step of the thoughtless, and not unfrequently attracting the admiring gaze of the traveller, who chanced to pass its neat white fence, around which the trailing periwinkle wound its evergreen stems, studded here and there with an amethystine star that peeped from among the foliage, bountifully spreading its welcome robe, now that nature, as it were, seemed unclothed, to cover the foot of the elm, the chesnut and the poplar, that stood in naked majesty, like sentinels guarding the sacred precincts, and with arms uplifted towards the vaulted heavens, pointing the understanding heart, the way to that

goal to which all aspirings should tend! The tall white head-stone and the less presuming, though more numerous, green mounds that dotted its turfy level, showed that death had not been idle here—and even while I was thus musing, an aged figure opened the little gate and slowly approached retired spot, where the tall rank grass luxuriated beneath the shelter of a patriarchal walnut tree, that had, unharmed, buffeted with many a winter's storm; but whose friendly shade had, as yet, remained unsought for the passing dead.

The old man's shoulder was quickly relieved from its burden, when the busy spade, guided by his trembling hand, marked out the chosen spot, and he began, with earnest industry, his mournful task. Toil on, old man, while yet is day—not long shall thine aged limbs perform their accustomed functions—not long shall thy silvery locks float carelessly in the breeze—not long shall thy drooping frame shiver in the blast! for the night cometh for thee—yea is near at hand, in which no work may be done. Oh! "Cast off then the works of darkness, and put on the armour of light, watch and pray, for thou

knowest not the day nor the hour in which the Son of Man cometh!" I looked upon his furrowed cheek, and saw the tear steal trickling down and fall on the crumbling earth, that yielded to his feeble efforts. Why weepest thou, friend?—are these thoughts also thy thoughts? or does the ready tear flow for him, whose narrow bed thou art preparing, whose strength of manhood is snapt asunder, while thy decrepit age must for a while linger on? Such are the inscrutable decrees of an All-wise Providence.

The old man still labored, leaning often on his spade to rest his weary frame; measuring ever and anon the length and breadth of the yawning grave, then, smoothing its mouldering sides, he scraped the earth from the funeral tool, and slowly and sorrowfully moved towards his home.

The departed One, he for whom this melancholy task had been performed, had, almost in his childhood, left his native west—the home of his infancy—the companions of his earliest hours and the partakers of his simple joys, to attend on a family in the capacity of household servant; he had past his youth,

was in the prime of life, and had witnessed many a chequered year tangle the web of time, since he first came to this distant village. His master experiencing the trials of age and infirmity, had, through the portals of death, reached that "bourne from whence no traveller returns." The mistress, too, had numbered the allotted years of man, but death, as yet, had spared her to see her long-tried domestic become a victim to a malignant and fatal fever which, permitting him no time to "put his house in order," had, with unusual virulence, hurriedly numbered him with the dead.

A few hours had struck when the solemn toll of the funeral bell called my attention to the last sad rites of mortality—deep and heavy was the sound, as it burst through the gathering mist, which ushered in that December evening—bleak and cold the wind whistled round the sacred shrine, making the old trees creak and bend beneath its power. Again appeared the aged sexton, bearing with difficulty a time-worn bench, on which to rest the coffin, while the bearers pause from their soilsome walk. A dark mass was distinguished in the distance—near and

more near it slowly approached, mounted the easy flight of steps and entered the consecrated ground—and who stood there? The mourning kindred—the weeping friends—the sorrowing neighbours? Alas, no—not even the outward garb of woe shrouded the sleeping dead! The rustic bearers were habited in their coats of many colours, and one solitary figure alone followed those deserted remains, and she, a stranger, who, braving for a poor return the fever's contagious power, had truly tended his bed of sickness, received his last sigh, had closed the eye of death and, now, with a gentle but tearless sorrow, stood to the departed alien in the character of chief mourner!

Folding her red cloak more tightly around, to protect her from the chill damp of that winter's eve, she patiently awaited the commencement of the service; nor waited long—for the village priest, who was indeed the pastor of his people; ever ready, ever kind, doing good unto all men, and avoiding even he appearance of evil—immediately advanced with his white robes waving in peaceful purity, and in the finest tones of his sonorous and impressive voice,

began "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord." I listened with attentive reverence till the words died on my ear; it was a brief interval, but I had asked myself many an important question, and made many a good and holy resolution, before the funeral group emerged from the holy edifice. The day was fast closing in, and I could but very indistinctly discriminate between the objects before me which but added to the solemnity of the scene. That fine voice was still audible—how tenderly did I dwell on its harmonious tones! Truly it seemed a voice from the dead, powerful, impressive, inspired! Every word found an echo in my bosom, and as I followed them to the end—the coffin had been lowered to its dark receptacle—the earth cast upon the body, and our brother committed to his kindred dust—I felt my heart subdued within me;—and, contemn my weakness if thou wilt heroic reader! when I confess that I turned me from the humbling scene and wept for the man who had died and left no friend behind!

NIGHT.

The glorious orb of day has sunk to rest,
And o'er the earth a sable garb has thrown,
For nature in her fickleness to wear,
As, from this upper hemisphere, she mourns
His absence brief; and welcome e'er the maid
Who alternates with him the course of time.
Although of sombre mien comes darksome night,
Gloomily overshadowing all around;
To weary eyes that long have vigils kept—
To toil-worn frame, oppressed with labor hard
And dearly tasked, the happy harbinger
Of sweet repose! The lonely wanderer,
Homeless and poor, along his rugged path
His tottering footsteps drags, and hails with joy
Thy dim approach, as with slow, stealthy step,
Within some hovel rude he shelter seeks.
More welcome still to contemplation sweet,

Is the pure calmness of thy silent hours,
Thou dreary night! emblem of man's last home
In his mortality—darkness alike
O'er both her mantle spreads, and to them both
A heavenly light appears, with myriads less
Enthroned in purest majesty on high:
The better part, the undying soul, to lead
To Him who made them—man and nature's God!

TO THE MEMORY

OF

THEODORE HOOK, Esq.

Oh! not through Fulham's sylvan shades alone
Shall the sad voice of lamentation flow;
O'er tower and plain shall sweep the dirge-like moan,
And echo bear the plainings of their woe.

While hill and dale, through Britain's verdant isle,
Shall wail in chorus for the high soul fled;
With shreds of sweet remembrance raise a pile,
Worthy the ashes of the gifted dead!

Tears of the gentle and the courteous brave,
Shall long his lone sepulchral home bedew;
And o'er the poet and the scholar's grave
The muses' choicest flowers in mourning strew.

And well may weep those pensile willow boughs,
The lone wind murmur through the drooping trees,
No longer now the stream of genius flows,
That erst breathed joyous as the summer breeze.

Untuned the lute by the south winds' softening power,
Which o'er the flower of wit has shed its blight,
While on that summer breeze is borne afar
A kindred spirit in its upward flight.

Though silence reign, and mute the dulcet tone,
Thy requiem, gifted HOOK, most meet to sing;
Indulgent be, as thou wert wont, to One
Who dares this tribute to thy Memory bring!

FAREWELL TO THE RECENT DEAD.

Farewell! beloved departed One,
Thy spark of life is fled,
Nor dimmed nor quenched the spirit's own,
Though numbered with the dead.

Bright shone the light of truth in thee—
The light of life and love:
Thy chastened soul was meet to flee,
Called by the power above!

Patient and meek thy course has been
One calm unruffled stream;
Though many a cloud o'ercast the scene,
None pierced thy peaceful dream.

Though frail the stem that held thee here,
Life's fair ephemeral flower!
Thy gentle head, unscathed by fear,
Felt not the tempest's power!

The "Rock of Ages" nourished thee,
With true enduring faith:
The blood of Christ was shed for thee,
And soothed the sting of death.

In active hope and humble trust,
Thou art softly sunk to rest,
Thy form is with its kindred dust—
Thy spirit with the blest!

THE VILLAGE CHURCHYARD.

"They sleep in secret,—but their sod
Unknown to man, is marked by God!"

MRS. HEMANS.

THERE appears to me nothing that so readily finds its way to the "heart of hearts," that sanctuary of the best feelings of one's nature, as the contemplation of a village churchyard—calm amid the turmoil of a restless world, and hallowed by the vicinity of the house of prayer, where all who bend the knee to the Triune God, enjoy His presence who has said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be in the midst of them." It gladdens the spirit of the anxious searcher after peace, as the lamp of night, piercing the storm-cloud, cheers the eye of the traveller through the gloom, drawing the mind gently from the hectic and

evanescent colouring of time to the unfading bloom of eternity. How pleasant is it to turn from the dismal, chilling burial ground of a city, where no ray of sunshine or unadulterated light beams over the forgotten dust; where even the sepulchral stone is incrusted with smoke and the general impurities of the atmosphere; where the dead are brought, like vegetables to the fair, to be disposed of by the half dozen at a time, the hired mourners feeling as little compunction as the salesman at parting with his charge, which ere long will be trodden under foot, in levity or thoughtlessness, by the scornful and the proud;—where all seems strange and new, from the infant, admitted into the pale of the church, to the lifeless form interred within its shadow; for in the ever changing inhabitants of a town the same roof will cover those, whose very persons are unknown to each other,—literally "birds of passage," since one cometh and another goeth, and their place is nowhere to be found, save in the city burial-ground, that takes no cognizance of its tenants, but by putting forth the announcement of the fact on its sign of stone, of all things there the

only one grown old in its place, while over that the mould of premature age has been unsparingly strewn:—pleasant, truly, is it to turn from this revolting scene to the tranquil seclusion of a village churchyard—that, far from the jarring elements of discord, stretches forth its verdant bosom fresh and inviting, and seems to say, "Come to me, ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest!" —rest to the troubled spirit from the vain longings of ambition; repose to the suffering and the hopeful, sweet as on the bosom of their Lord! When day declines, and I have marked yon venerable pile, steeped in the roseate hues of sunset, glowing and godlike, as reflected from Him, whose throne is light, I have thought of the hoary head silvered by age, and whitened with the purity of regeneration, ripe for the harvest,—flickering awhile on the verge of earth, and throwing around him the rich beauties of holiness; and when the last ray has fled, and all is clothed in the sable robe of night, 'tis as the sombre quiet of the grave, silently reposing till the day-star from on high shall visit the earth, and the sun, radiant in the glory of the heavens, "shall

arise with healing on his wings." Where can we find the purest and most refined feelings of humanity so beautifully developed, as among the unsophisticated and untaught occupants of these simple mounds?

I accompanied Filia to a rural burial ground; she led me to a grave somewhat more elevated than the rest, and while I read the inscription on the headstone, she reverently bent the knee of piety, and plucking a blade of grass, nurtured by the dust of a parent, gently placed it in her bosom!—It was a touching scene, and the unbidden tear flowed in sympathy with the sweet sorrow of the mourner.

The village churchyard, that is pressed by the merry foot of infancy, bears him anon to lisp his first lesson at the sunday school—and with more sober step, to prepare for taking on himself the fulfilment of his baptismal vows In after years it yields to the firmer step of manhood, as he passes on to plight his troth to the chosen of his heart, often the companion of his childhood; and when age and infirmities have weaned him from the world, the same sacred soil that has claimed his kindred for genera-

tions past, opens its gloomy depths and receives the casket, whose jewel is called to adorn a crown of surpassing glory; truly may he be said to "sleep with his fathers!" But where are the bones of him buried in a city? Darkness and infamy too frequently can alone tell where!—perhaps strung together, and incased in the sanctum of the anatomist! —perhaps scattered to the wind by the zeal or the levity of the student, or, more revolting still, adorned with silver and gold, to be made the instrument of administering to the midnight orgies of the infidel! And shall not that re-embodied scull rise in accusation against the voluptuous, sacrilegious Saducee?

How soon are the fairest and the most powerful forgotten! Each passeth as a shadow, yet must there have been beauties in all, for all were moulded by an unerring hand, and stamped with the divine image, from the day-flower, whose life sets with the sun, that evening shrouds and the night-dews weep for, to the amaranth that flourishes beneath the rainbow of emerald, and is sunned by the "Sun of Righteousness!"

Turn then with me from the gorgeous pageant of

the city—from the imposing plumes of the wealthy and the great—to dwell with undazzled eye on the lowly bier of the villager, and feel at thy heart's core the unaffected grief of its follower, who, drooping beneath the weight of her bereavement, yet lifts the eye of resignation to heaven, and to the measured tollings of the funeral knell breathes forth in faith and hope, "Thy will be done!"

> "It was but a dewy greensward bed,
> Meet for the rest of a peasant head:
> But love—oh! lovelier than all beside!—
> That lone place guarded and glorified."

Were it not that my kindred lie entombed in a vaulted sepulchre, and that with all the yearnings of affection, strong even in death, I wish that my dust may mingle with the dust of my parents and my children, I would select the spot beneath yon willow for my long home of rest—for surely it is sweet to know that, though the world may jeer and laugh, as the breeze that wantons with the pall, and may turn with indifference from the lifeless burden it covers, there is still one living thing, created by the same

great power, and spotless as when first from the bosom of its mother earth, that shall droop, and shed tears in the dews of heaven over our grave; and sweeter still, that that pellucid shower should call forth an emblem of the immortality of the soul from our very dust, in the springing grass that rises in matured verdure, meet for the scythe of time—the gathering of the grain—the consummation of all things!

SHROVE-TUESDAY.

What sound comes forth from the leafless boughs?
'Tis the breath of the sinner's sigh,
Piercing the gloom of the guilty soul,
As it wings its way on high.

Thoughts are poured from the wandering mind,
In many a copious stream,
To the listening ear of a Saviour Lord—
Thence to catch one pardoning gleam.

Feelings burst from the o'ercharged heart,
Through the low confession's moan,
And all is humbly cast at the foot
Of heaven's eternal throne.

Oh! shrive us Thou of the mercy-seat,
Lord of the earth and sky,
Who alone canst still each troubled wave—
Receive the sinners' sigh!

GOOD-FRIDAY.

Behold the Lamb to slaughter led,
Reviled and scorned and buffeted:
On bended knee,
In mockery,
Is hailed the Lamb of Bethlehem!

Behold the Man of Sorrows now,
Beneath the weight of sin and woe;
Not sin His own,
No sin was known
By Him the Lamb of Bethlehem!

More pure than snow's unsullied light,
Than heaven-born sun, more chastely bright,
No stain of earth
Had marred the birth
Of Mary's child of Bethlehem!

More meek than martyrs' laboring soul,
That drained the dregs from suffering's bowl:
His spirit bowed,
When curses loud
Were showered o'er Him of Bethlehem!

Not fierce fanatic's direst rage,
Nor ought impassioned guilt could wage,
A murmur drew
From Him, the true—
The patient Lamb of Bethlehem!

Ah! scourged and mocked, He bare the tree,
And wound His way to Calvary!
That scene of woe,
Where soon would flow
The Lamb's pure blood of Bethlehem!

The fatal cross see raised on high!
Where His last dying agony,
With pardon wove
Transcendent love
The spotless Lamb of Bethlehem!

The serpent-fiend o'erpowered at last,
The spirit of the Perfect passed!
The boon obtained,
Man's pardon gained,
The martyred Lamb of Bethlehem!

Earth quaked—the rocks and temple rent—
The tomb gave up its buried saint—
The thunders pealed,
The mountains reeled,
When died the Lamb of Bethlehem!

Nature in deepest mourning drest,
And friend and foe by awe opprest—
That solemn hour,
Confessed the power
Of Him—the Lamb of Bethlehem!

EASTER-DAY.

Welcome, great victor
O'er sin and o'er death!
Thou art risen—art glorified—
Star of our faith!

The bands of the grave
Are riven asunder,
And the bright flash of lightning
Heralds the thunder.
As elements warred
Their master to own,
So yawn Hades' dark caverns,
Thy glory to crown.

Redemption's great work
Thou, Jesu, hast done,
From the dark fiend's vile bondage
Man's pardon hast won!

Well may we be glad,
And high raise the voice,
With unfeignèd thanksgiving,
Long, long, to rejoice.
For thou who hast died
Our souls to release,
Now on earth ridest triumphant,
The pure Prince of Peace!

Welcome, great victor
O'er sin and o'er death!
Thou 'rt risen—art glorified—
Star of our faith!

THE ASCENSION.

"Ye men of Galilee! why stand ye here,
And stedfast upward gaze?[1]
The clouds triumphantly your Saviour bear
To glorious, endless days!

"This Jesus, whom ye see thus clothed in might
Of heavenly majesty,
Is rising from your wondering mortal sight,
Lord God eternally!

"Believe, ye chosen band of Jesu's love,
That he now borne on high,
Will thus, when time is o'er, leave realms above
To judge all righteously!"

So spake the angelic Messengers from heaven,
Then plumed the cherub wing :
Their bidding done—the word prophetic given,
They join the Saviour King !

WHIT-SUNDAY.

The Sabbath morn returning glows
O'er Israel's blood-stained heights;
A hallowed peace its radiance throws
Round Salem's temple rites.

The welcome hour of morning prayer
Assembled numbers greet—
Devotion reigns unsullied where
The pure in spirit meet.

When lo! a sound—a mighty wind
Fills all that chosen place:
Breathes in its power celestial mind,
The harbinger of grace!

Bright cloven tongues of fire descend,
From Heaven's own holy shrine,
To strengthen, teach, inspire, defend,
Spirit of truth divine!

Though closed from us those gracious gifts
Which miracled the past:
That faith be ours, the heart uplifts,
And gives us peace at least.

Thy spirit, Lord, we pray thee send,
Be thou in mercy nigh;
Whoe'er, through Christ, repentant bend,
Enlighten—sanctify!

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

"Let the people praise thee, O God;
let all the people praise thee.
O let the nations be glad and sing for joy."
PSALM LXVII. 3, 4.

SING, sing to our God
Thanksgiving and praise,
To Heaven's great king,
Our voices we raise!

Who high rides above,
Through eternity's hour,
By glory enthroned,
Unequalled in power!

Be glad and rejoice,
The Lord is our God!
Tender His mercies,
Though chastening His rod.

He's worthy of praise,
Great Parent of earth!
Unrivalled in might,
Whose word was its birth!

The heavens His throne,
His clothing of might,
His footstool the earth,
All glorious His light!

Be joyful our hymns,
Be grateful our praise,
Our God is of love,
All righteous His ways!

Humility's vest
Repentance shall bring,
Enrobed in its folds,
Accepted we sing;

Accepted through Him,
Who triumphed o'er death,
Like Him may we rise,
Triumphant through faith!

Before the high throne,
Our voices we raise,
Rejoice in His love,
And glory in praise!

THE CONCLUSION.

Courteous Reader,—Who hast journeyed with me along the changeful course of this my first step on the beaten path of literature, in bidding thee farewell, I would fain seek thy sympathy and solicit thy indulgence. Many have been the elements that have played around us, and varied the scenes we have visited; together we have traced our fellow-being from infancy to age, have twined the blossoms of hope around the bridal brow of youth, have offered incense on the sanctified altar of matrimonial love, have bent in awe over the bed of the dying, and followed his dust in the mournful solemnity to the tomb! Glowing was the early morn and exhilirating its noon-tide warmth, but that summer day has at length waned, the shadows of evening anon have closed around us, but, ere yet the dull dark vacuum stretched onward betwixt thee and me, I

sought the idle hour, and, while I wandered through the little vineyard myself had planted, pondering on the many-colored thoughts which perhaps might flit over its rural service and, the cultivated, refined, and fastidious tastes that might chance to sip at its weed-grown fount—my woman's heart grew faint within me, and the energies, which as a cordial had supported me along my pleasant way, seemed now to reproach me for my temerity, and made me instinctively shrink from the ordeal which I had so hastily and so adventurously invited. Thus wavering and desponding, calling up fears that the more experienced and courageous will, probably, smile at, and the more confident despise, the sting of misgiving impressed on me the unwilling conviction, that while I had presumptuously essayed to teach, I had much, oh! how much, myself to learn;—that, in the endeavour to nourish the good seed in others, my own might germinate in artificial strength, and in attempting to lead them aright, I might, myself, be but "a cast-away;"—and I wept the bitter tears of humiliation.

Absorbed in this train of painful reflection, I be-

came unconsious of passing events, when a sweet and gentle voice thus addressed me, "Weep not, my daughter, for thou hast much to joy thee; and because thou hast loved me, behold I come to thee laden with treasured gifts, with flowers that thou hast planted, fruits that thou hast nourished, smiles that thou hast earned, and fame that thou hast courted. Oh! come, then, and taste, for choice and coveted is the banquet I bear."

The tones were so dulcet in their flow, that I was lulled to passiveness; and yet, when the syren strain was hushed, I held not forth my hand to grasp the proffered gifts. On looking up, I beheld a form of surpassing loveliness, glowing in a robe of soft green, spangled with the living fire-stars, that reflected the costly gems encircling her fair brow, over which flowed in graceful folds a veil of thin gossamer; while above an azure canopy was borne by an unseen agency. She approached yet nearer, holding towards me a white rose—I looked on it and trembled, for a worm was nestling at its heart. I paused; when, hearing the same sweet voice utter the magic "Virtue," I looked again and saw, as in a mirror,

a female form clothed in purple and fine linen, with a diadem of terrene power overshadowing a brow of benignity and purity, with Faith for her guide, Hope for her almoner, and Charity for her handmaiden. Oh! it was a joyous sight to witness such gifts united, and as I yearned with longing reverence for kindred association; behold a bright speck pierced through the darkness of the clouded east, which, gradually expanded, and I became enveloped, as with a halo of effulgent light, while the beauteous form before me seemed receding in the distance. The flowers she bore already drooped, the fruits had lost their bloom, the smiles had vanished, the hue of freshness had faded from her verdant robe; the flitting stars glared in livid light, her gems became clouded, and the brilliant hectic that flushed beneath the folds of gossamer, bade me know the fair being as the Spirit of Earth!

Then arose a gentle breeze that cooled my excited sense, and on the passing gale, rich with the perfume of untold sweets, floated the most thrilling harmony—music such as only seraphs make. Wrapped in delicious ecstacy, I heard a voice say,

" Arise, and fear not to partake of the passing gifts, for she who presents them is thy Mother. Taste for thy sustenance—abstain but from excess, and blush not to acknowledge thy dependance on her, for thou art a pensioner on her bounty: and, ere it be too late, stretch forth thine hand, for the mirrored boon she offers thee will prove an ægis thou anon mayst need; and if its chord, woven by mortality, may add one note to the celestial choir, the echo of many harps shall resound the melody of blessing and of praise! Stay not thine hand in thy vineyard, it shall be fruitful and multiply, for I have said it, and my words are of those that pass not away. Though the young shoots may wither in ungenial soil, the sap shall return with two-fold strength to the parent stem. Put a hedge around thy vineyard and advertise the world thereof—it shall flourish and prosper, for it is planted in the good soil, and the great husbandman is not a stranger to it. Thou art as yet but a timid novice; take courage and know that I will intercede for thee, will help thy infirmities, will sustain thee with my fruits, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness;

and, above all, I will seal thee with my covenant, written not with ink, but with the life-stream from the heart; and I will lead thee into the land of uprightness, where, fear not to fight the good fight; for I will go with thee and be thy stay, will put on thee the armour of light, and gird thee with the sword of faith—then mayst thou conquer, not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts!"

With that blessed spirit for my guide, support, and reward, I take comfort to my heart and fear not. Humanity is weak, but humanity is common to the children of earth. To that be imputed all blame; to the bounteous and eternal God, be ascribed all praise, now and for ever!

The sable curtain of separation now falls between us; from its front, kind reader, receive my regretful

FAREWELL.

ERRATA.

Page 11, *line* 18, *for* ennuiée *read* ennuié.
67, *lines* 9 *and* 10, *dele* parenthesis.
101, *line* 22, *for* ennuiée *read* ennui.
109, *line* 13, *for* towering *read* lowering.
119, *line* 16, *for* has *read* have.
141, *line* 18, *for* wandered *read* wondered.
168, *line* 7, *for* mourned *read* moaned.

Extracts from Reviews, or Notices of the Press on the First Edition.

The warm heart replete with feelings and affections must overflow into some channel or another, and in the instance before us it has rippled over into a variety of sparkling rills and graceful meanderings of Prose and Verse.... This work is strongly marked by morality and piety, as well as graced by taste and feeling. "The Cottage Home" is a sweet sketch of the resting place of the affections and "The Light of the Parsonage" an admirable picture of what woman ought to be, in her purest and her highest province, in short Mrs. Pierce's great merit is the perception, the appreciation and the love of what is pure and right—every page is spent in an endeavour to paint the good or the beautiful.

Metropolitan Magazine.

We have been extremely well pleased with this rich little book, which will find its way into many a drawing-room, and receive no small number of readers and admirers. A "Picture from Life," and the "Mother's Farewell," are two spirited and excellent pieces of poetry—and "The Cottage Home," "Old Martha," and "The Light of the Parsonage," are admirable sketches in prose. The "Light of the Parsonage" especially is a delightful description of the parson's wife, who is thus aptly designated. It is in truth a spirit-stirring article. *Church Intelligencer.*

This work is dedicated to that high and amiable pattern of piety and virtue, the Queen Dowager, who, in all manner of ways, will long live in the hearts of the pious, the loyal, and the good, when her earthly career shall have ended—a period, we hope, still very far distant. We are happy to give our cordial recommendation to this excellent volume. It will form an admirable birth-day present to young ladies, inculcating, as it does, in a lively amiable spirit, the high truths, privileges, and blessings of the gospel of Christ. *Manchester Courier.*

A combination of essay, of tale and of poetry, put together in a modest and artless manner, containing much amusing matter, together with many serious and excellent thoughts. The chapter entitled "The Light of the Parsonage," which is intended as an illustration of the blessings derived from the influence of females on English Society, as instanced more particularly in the families of the clergy, is drawn up with much skill and good sense, and displays not only an intimate acquaintance with Scripture, but also a very sound and accurate state of feeling with regard to the nature, the doctrines and discipline of our Holy and Apostolic Church. *The Gentleman's Magazine*

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